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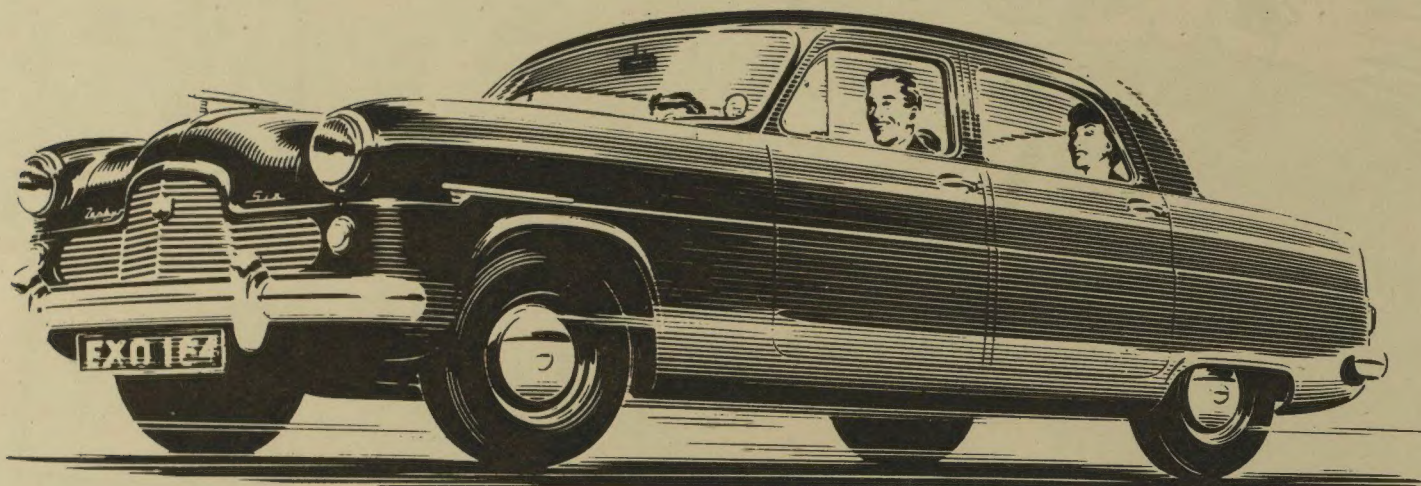
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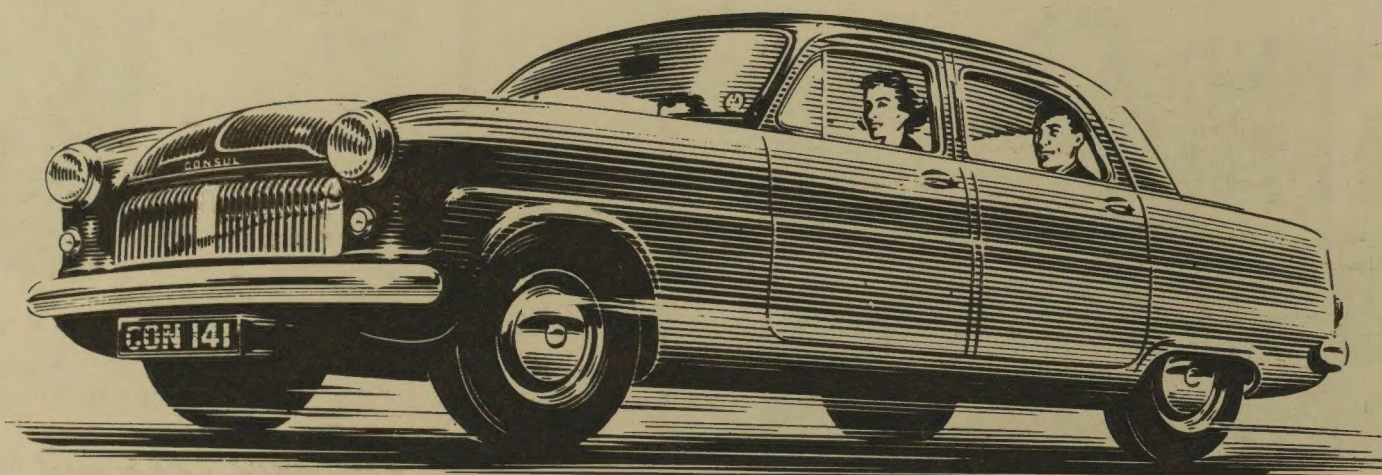
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THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1953.



THE BRITISH 2,000 M.P.H. GUIDED MISSILE WHICH "HOMES" ON TO ITS TARGET: (TOP) TAKING-OFF BY MEANS OF FOUR TWIN AUXILIARY BOOST MOTORS, AND (BELOW) THE MOTORS BEING DISCARDED.

In a statement issued on August 22, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Supply, revealed that Britain now possesses guided missiles able to "home" on to their targets at 2000 m.p.h., and declared: "I can say with confidence that no piloted aeroplane could hope to out-manceuvre guided rockets of the types we are now developing. They are capable

of high-speed twists and turns which create such intense strains and pressures as neither the human body nor the wings of any aircraft could withstand." In order to build up its velocity quickly the guided missile is fitted with auxiliary boost motors which are automatically discarded when the missile reaches its full supersonic cruising speed.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I NOTICED a paragraph in the popular Press, a day or two before the final Test Match at the Oval, to the effect that the Australian cricketers had been taken to see Dr. W. G. Grace's grave in the cemetery in which it lies, and had been much astonished to find that it was so inconspicuous and regarded, seemingly, as of so little importance. At a moment when the popular newspapers in the United Kingdom and Australia were presenting cricket as the most important activity in the world, it must have seemed strange to them that the greatest cricketer that ever played in Test-match cricket should apparently have been accorded about the same importance in matters necropolitan as a prosperous suburban grocer or a retired district railway-inspector. He was by professional status a provincial physician, and it would seem to have been in accordance with the modest dignity accorded to professional men in the still intensely snobbish England of the early twentieth century that the immortal W.G. was laid in earth. So far as I can recall, his demise occurred during the early days of the First World War, when the whole future of Britain and the Empire was at stake, when the flower of the nation's manhood was being sacrificed hourly that the nation might continue to live, when life was revolutionised in a way unknown for more than a century, and when the death of even the greatest of all cricketers cannot have seemed a very important consideration to anyone but those near and dear to him. The great Doctor's death, therefore, hardly struck the headlines; he belonged to the vanished Victorian age that had become of little account set beside the stark issues of the new and terrible age into which Europe had so suddenly advanced—the age whose background was not the friendly, sunshine click of "willow-tapping seam," but the sound of the guns in Flanders. How could an old cricketer's passing seem of much moment at such a time?

Yet no one dominated or has ever dominated the English cricketing scene as did W. G. Grace. For nearly forty summers—the happiest, most secure and peaceful in the history of our country or of any other—this broad-shouldered, deep-bearded giant carried the game of what is called "first-class cricket" across the green shires and into the great, smoking cities of the industrial North and Midlands. He carried it, too, to the Antipodes. More than any other man he was the architect of the present popular enthusiasm for the game. There never was a cricketer like him, and probably never will be again. He was like Achilles to the Greeks, or Hector to the Trojans. The nearest approach to his lonely pinnacle of glory was that achieved by Victor Trumper of Australia—and what a name! Yet even he was only a Milton to Grace's Shakespeare. The Doctor bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus, and petty men walked under his huge legs and peeped about to find themselves dishonourable graves!

Mais où sont les nieges d'antan? The sunlit hours at Lord's and Oval, at Bristol and Gloucester, and on every major cricket-ground in England during which that magnificent figure towered tirelessly over the pitch and field came at last to an end; "feebler of foot and rheumatic of shoulder," even W.G. played no more. For a time he appeared, his vast forest of a beard grey now, for such teams as the Gentlemen of London; then a day came when stumps were drawn for him for the last time, and he ceased altogether to play the game that he had made his kingdom. A happiness given to men that had seemed eternal was no more:

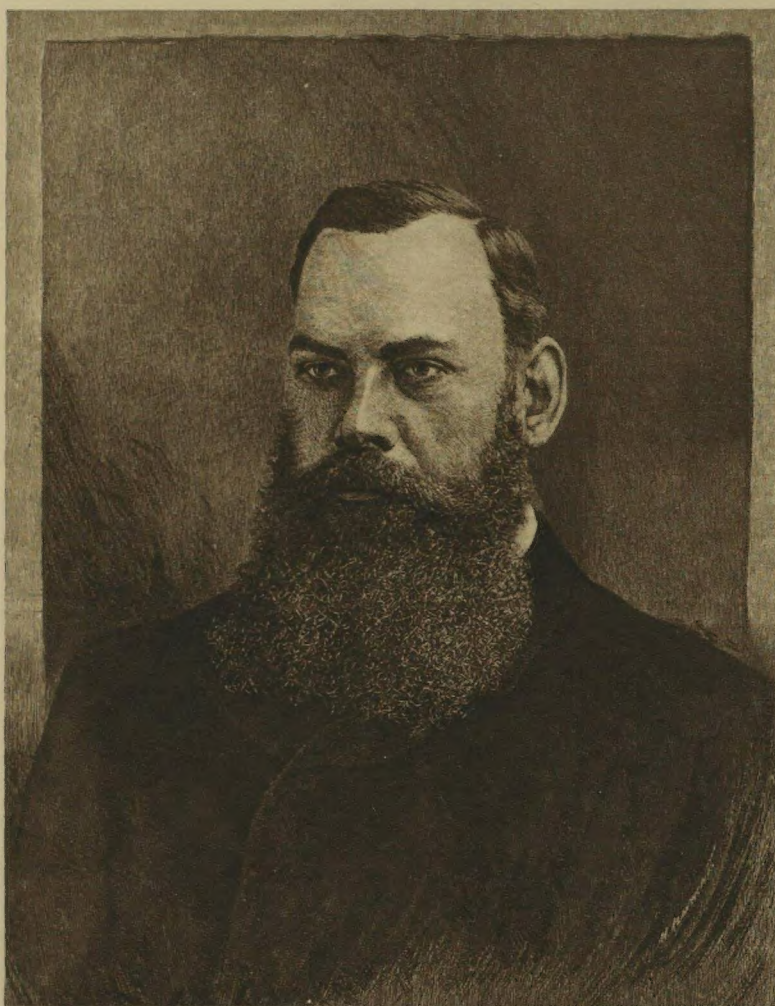
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

I never saw the great man play, but he lives for me for ever in my father's homeric descriptions of his deeds and in the photographs and drawings in the Pavilion at Lord's—that last surviving stronghold of the Victorian gods, still haunted by his tremendous personality. I used, too, to know well and

love dearly a great cricketer who had played with him and partnered him in more than one famous stand as far back, I believe, as the 'seventies: that paladin of chivalry, goodness and gentleness among King Willow's faithful courtiers, A. J. Webbe. It was by his side that I watched my first first-class cricket-match, and saw Albert Trott take the double hat-trick for Middlesex. I had secret hopes in those days—hopes, alas, never fulfilled—that I, too, might one day play among those immortal figures on the green sward, with the eyes of my countrymen on me as I sent the bails flying or cut and drove the ball to the densely-packed boundary. But I was never anything but a duffer, and the nearest I ever got to realising my unattainable, impossible hopes—and then only by the merest accident—was when, in wartime, I went in last for a team in which Hobbs—Sir Jack Hobbs, as we must now call him, though it is rather like giving a title to Robin Hood or Brave Benbow—went in first. On that glorious but agonising occasion I did not even, so far as I can remember, score a run. And I am still child enough to feel I would rather have played cricket for England than have sat in the Cabinet or even than to have been Prime Minister!

Yet in the last resort cricket is only a game, albeit one which reflects, better perhaps than any other game ever devised, life as a whole. It allows not only for the clash of fate and skill, but for the free play of the intangible character, as anyone will realise who watched, whether on the ground or over the television, Bailey batting in the recent series of Test matches against Australia, or saw that superb forcing innings of young Archer, impervious to disaster and fine bowling on a crumbling pitch, in the Australian second innings at the Oval. It mirrors courage and patience, sobriety and inspiration, meanness and nobleness of spirit, endurance and lightness of heart and generosity. But it does not earn the world's living or decide the fate of nations or create enduring beauty. To these great ends it contributes nothing, and never can. To speak of it and its champions in bated breath as the men who write our newspapers and provide our broadcasts do to-day, suggests a certain lack of balance. One Press commentator, in a popular newspaper, went so far as to cavil at two county batsmen who, in a crucial match which was likely to affect the County Championship, kept fielding in a hot sun the bowlers who were to play for England a day later. They were needlessly jeopardising the chances, it was implied, of the "old Homeland"—this, I think, was the writer's phrase—in the more important match of next day. Perhaps I misunderstood him and he did not mean to imply anything so strange as this, but it struck me as symptomatic of a certain attitude of mind that, judging by the Press, has become fairly common of late. Such an attitude does not merely make nonsense of other activities of life, but it makes nonsense of cricket itself. The sole purpose of cricket, as of any other sport, is that it is a game of make-believe in which a man can forget himself and his cares and live, for a few hours, anew. The story of Drake and his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe enshrines a real truth. Every cricket match, if it is to justify itself and serve a useful purpose, must possess for its players and spectators—and most certainly for

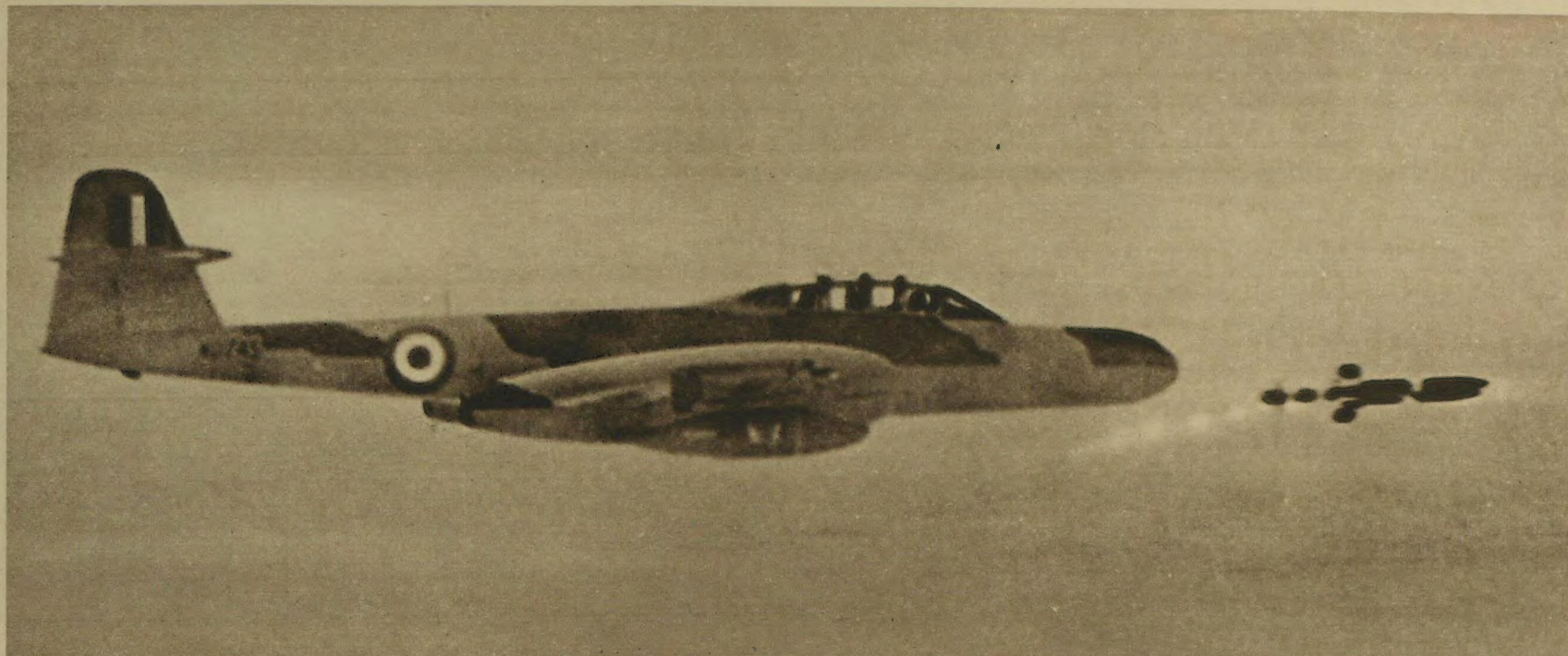
its players—this quality of make-believe completeness. It must be all-important in itself or is meaningless. To say that the players in a match preceding a Test Match should not play for victory with their whole hearts is to turn a delight into a tedium. Every cricket match is, or should be, equally important to every other cricket match: it should be an end in itself and never a means to an end. By far the most exciting cricket I have played in or seen played was that played on North Buckinghamshire meadows, from which the cows had been driven an hour or two before the game started and in which the out-field was a tangle of tussocks. It was so because every member of the contending village teams felt for an hour or two that the only thing that mattered was victory. And every member of the little ring of neighbours around the field, in the immortal words of John Nyren, felt "as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty." Whenever cricket is played in that spirit the men who play and watch it will be the better and happier for their temporary release from what the world calls reality.



A SUPREME FIGURE IN ENGLISH CRICKET FOR SOME FORTY YEARS:
DR. W. G. GRACE (1848-1915).

Dr. William Gilbert Grace, whose almost legendary fame as a cricketer is discussed on this page, was the son and nephew of cricketing enthusiasts and received early tuition. While under seventeen, in 1865 he was chosen to play for the Gentlemen v. the Players both at Kennington Oval and at Lord's; and his batting at Lord's helped the Gentlemen, who had not beaten the Players since 1853, to victory. In 1866, when he made 224 not out for England against Surrey and 173 not out for Gentlemen of the South v. Players of the South, he began his famous series of extraordinary scores. Between 1868-76 he stood out as a run-getter, and completely altered the standard of scoring. In 1876 he reached his zenith when he made 400 not out in a match at Grimsby and scored in three consecutive first-class matches 344, 177 and not out 318. In 1870, with two of his brothers, he started the Gloucestershire County XI.; in 1880 he made 152 in the first match in this country between England and Australia. He visited Australia in 1873 and 1891, and also went with an amateur team to the U.S.A. and Canada in 1872. In 1895, thirty years after he first played in first-class cricket, he made a striking return to his best form; and had another good season in 1896. In 1908 a single appearance at the Oval ended his career of forty-three years in first-class cricket, during which he made 126 centuries, scored 54,896 runs and had taken 2876 wickets. Dr. Grace, known affectionately to all the world as "W.G.," held a unique place in the national life of this country. Our portrait of him was published in *The Illustrated London News* of September 8, 1888, when he was described as "the leviathan of the cricket field."

GRIM FACT AND LIVELY FANCY: GUIDED ROCKETS, A DISASTER, AND A FILM.



A WEAPON TO INCREASE THE KILLING POWER OF OUR FIGHTERS: A GUIDED ROCKET BEING LAUNCHED FROM A *METEOR* AIRCRAFT. ON OUR FRONT PAGE WE ILLUSTRATE THE BRITISH 2000-M.P.H. GUIDED MISSILE WHICH "HOMES" ON ITS TARGET; THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A GUIDED ROCKET TO BE LAUNCHED FROM FIGHTER AIRCRAFT, TO ENABLE OUR FIGHTERS TO ENGAGE AN ENEMY BOMBER FROM A DISTANCE BEYOND THE RANGE AT WHICH IT CAN DEFEND ITSELF FROM ANY CONVENTIONAL AIRCRAFT GUN.



A CORNER OF A ROCKET ASSEMBLY SHOP AT A BRITISH MINISTRY OF SUPPLY ESTABLISHMENT WHERE THESE WEAPONS ARE BEING PRODUCED. THE MOST COMPLEX COMPONENT OF A GUIDED ROCKET IS ITS STEERING MECHANISM, A KIND OF ELECTRONIC BRAIN.



A DRAMATIC IMAGINARY SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS REPRESENTED ON THE SCREEN: THE FOREIGN SECRETARY "LORD MOUNTDRAGO," REPRESENTED BY MR. ORSON WELLES, MAKING A STIRRING SPEECH FROM THE FRONT BENCH. THE FILM IS "THREE CASES OF MURDER," AN ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHICH IS BEING MADE AT SHEPPERTON STUDIOS.



AFTER CRASHING THROUGH A WALL NEAR HUCK'S BROW ON AUGUST 23 WHEN DESCENDING SHAP FELL AND SOMERSAULTING DOWN A RAVINE: THE SCATTERED REMAINS OF A MOTOR COACH WHICH MET WITH THIS ACCIDENT WHEN CARRYING THIRTY-THREE PASSENGERS FROM PENRITH TO MORECAMBE TO SEE THE ILLUMINATIONS. SIX PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND TWENTY-TWO INJURED, SOME SERIOUSLY.

REVOLUTION IN PERSIA: DR. MOSSADEQ'S COUP D'ÉTAT WHICH LED TO THE TEMPORARY EXILE OF THE SHAH.



AFTER DR. MOSSADEQ'S SUCCESSFUL COUP D'ÉTAT: SUPPORTERS OF HIS RÉGIME PULLING DOWN A STATUE OF SHAH RIZA PAHLAVI IN TEHERAN ON AUGUST 17.



DR. MOSSADEQ'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH: ANTI-SHAH DEMONSTRATORS IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON AUGUST 16 ACCLAIMING THE PRIME MINISTER WHO WOULD NOT BE DISMISSED FROM OFFICE.

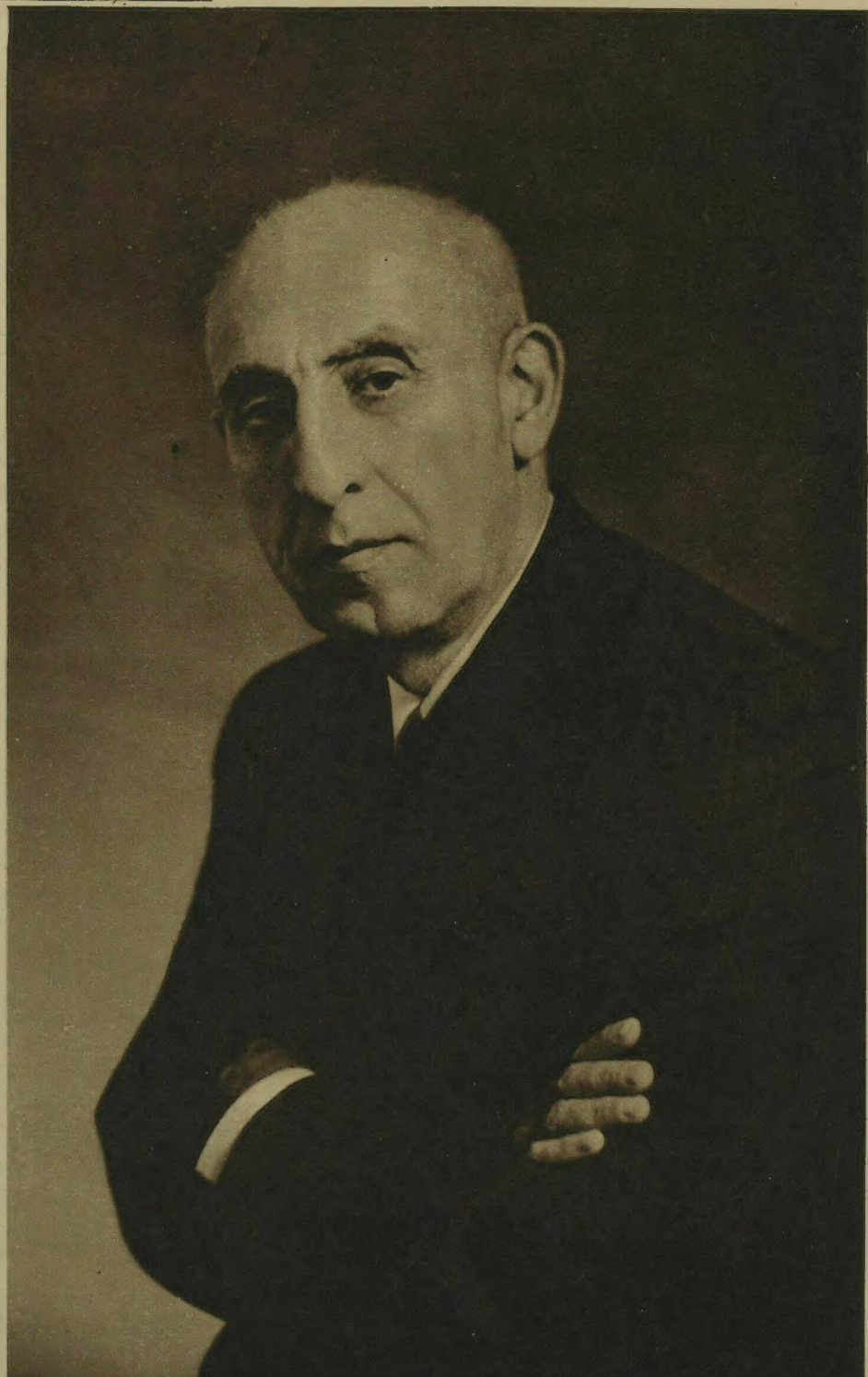


THE MAN WHOM DR. MOSSADEQ TRIED TO ARREST AND WHO BROUGHT ABOUT HIS DOWNFALL: GENERAL ZAHEDI, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.

The antagonism between the Shah of Persia, Muhammed Riza Pahlavi, and his Prime Minister, Dr. Mossadeq, reached the point where the Shah had to order his dismissal, in keeping with his Royal prerogatives, and nominate General Zahedi as his successor. Dr. Mossadeq ignored the Shah's order and on August 16 officers of the Imperial Guard went to Dr. Mossadeq's residence to arrest him. The Prime Minister, however, rallied his followers and turned the tables on the Shah's representatives.



AFTER THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION ON AUGUST 19: THE BROKEN STATUE OF THE LATE SHAH REPLACED BY A PORTRAIT.



TO BE TRIED FOR MISDEEDS COMMITTED WHILE PREMIER AND FOR TREASON: DR. MUHAMMED MOSSADEQ, THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA. [Photograph by Fabian Bachrach.]

The Shah himself immediately left the country by air, accompanied by Queen Suraya and, after a brief stay in Irak, went to Rome. On August 17 Communists and supporters of Dr. Mossadeq paraded through Teheran, pulling down statues of the Shah and of his father, Riza Khan Pahlavi, while a search was made for General Zahedi, who, in a statement, said: "We want a Government which obeys the laws and constitution of our country. . . . At the present time I am the legal Prime

COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN PERSIA: GENERAL ZAHEDI'S TRIUMPH AND THE SHAH'S RETURN.



THE SHAH RETURNS FROM SELF-IMPOSED EXILE ON AUGUST 22: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTES OF ROYALIST OFFICERS AT THE AIRPORT IN TEHERAN.



THE RULER OF PERSIA WHOSE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CONSTITUTION LED TO TEMPORARY EXILE: H.I.M. MUHAMMED RIZA PAHLAVI ON HIS HOMEWARD FLIGHT ON AUGUST 21.

Minister and any action that he [Dr. Mossadeq] dares to take in the name of the law is incorrect." On August 19 General Zahedi instigated a successful counter-revolution and by nightfall Dr. Mossadeq was a prisoner in Royalist hands. Crowds swept through Teheran acclaiming the Shah and buildings were set on fire and the homes of Dr. Mossadeq's supporters were looted. Dr. Mossadeq was taken to the Officers' Club and on August 24 General Zahedi stated that he had been transferred to a



LOOTED BY A MOB OF DEMONSTRATORS DURING THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION LED BY GENERAL ZAHEDI: ONE OF DR. MOSSADEQ'S RESIDENCES, WITH THE GROUND LITTERED WITH PAPERS.



IN VERY TEMPORARY EXILE: THE SHAH OF PERSIA WITH QUEEN SURAYA, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR CAR DURING THE FORMER'S BRIEF STAY IN ROME.



REDUCED TO SCRAP METAL: ONE OF DR. MOSSADEQ'S CARS AFTER THE ROYALIST SUPPORTERS HAD FINISHED WITH IT ON THE DAY OF GENERAL ZAHEDI'S COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

prison. At a Press conference the Shah said: "He will go on trial, charged firstly with misdeeds carried out while he was Premier, and, secondly, with crimes committed after his dismissal. This second charge is treason." The Shah had arrived from Rome on August 22 and was greeted at the airport by General Zahedi. On the following day the Shah revealed that the nation's Treasury was empty and that immediate help was imperative if the country was to be saved.

THE DEPOSITION OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, AND HIS SUCCESSOR.



DEPOSED AND EXILED BY THE FRENCH TO AVOID CIVIL WAR: THE FORMER SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



SALUTING THE MOROCCAN FLAG AT A BRIEF CEREMONY IN CASABLANCA: THE NEW SULTAN, SIDI MOHAMMED BEN MOULAY ARAFA, WITH FRENCH OFFICERS.



THE PRIME MOVER IN THE DEPOSITION OF THE SULTAN: EL GLAOU, THE 77-YEAR-OLD PASHA OF MARRAKESH.



LISTENING WHILE A PASHA READS A PROCLAMATION: THE NEW SULTAN (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) SEATED BETWEEN EL GLAOU, THE PASHA OF MARRAKESH, AND EL KITTANI, A RELIGIOUS LEADER.



THE NEW SULTAN OF MOROCCO: SIDI MOHAMMED BEN MOULAY ARAFA, UNCLE OF THE DEPOSED RULER, WHO WAS ENTHRONED IN RABAT ON AUGUST 22.



SIGNING THE *BEIA*, OR ACT, OF INVESTITURE AND ALLEGIANCE AT FEZ ON AUGUST 21: THE PASHA OF MARRAKESH, EL GLAOU, THE CHIEF SUPPORTER OF THE NEW SULTAN, WHO ORGANISED THE CHIEFS IN OPPOSITION TO THE EX-SULTAN.



THE DEPOSED SULTAN AND HIS FAMILY: (STANDING, L. TO R.) PRINCESS LALLA NZA; THE EX-CROWN PRINCE MOULAY HASSAN; AND PRINCE MOULAY ABDALLAH; AND (SEATED) PRINCESS LALLA AICHA; THE EX-SULTAN; AND PRINCESS LALLA MALIKA.

The opposition of the greater number of Pashas and Caids to the Sultan's support of the extreme nationalist Istiqlal Party was first expressed officially in May this year, when 270 petitioned the French Government for the deposition of the Sultan. Recently this agitation had become more widespread under the leadership of the Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, and on August 15 he proclaimed Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa as "Imam of the Faithful" in place of his nephew, the Sultan. During the next few days there were clashes between French security forces and townsmen demonstrating in favour of the Sultan, and on August 20, in order to



AFTER HIS ARRIVAL BY AIR ON AUGUST 20 AT AJACCIO, CORSICA: THE EX-SULTAN OF MOROCCO, WEARING DARK GLASSES, PASSING A GUARD OF HONOUR.

avoid civil war, the French Resident-General in Morocco, General Guillaume, informed the Sultan that an order of exile had been made against him and his two sons. The deposed Sultan left Rabat within the hour by air for Corsica, where a residence is to be provided for him by the French Government. The new Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa, was enthroned at Fez on August 21 in the presence of a great gathering of religious and civic dignitaries. On the following day the new Sultan was enthroned in the capital, Rabat, having made a State journey by train from Marrakesh.



THE ASHES REGAINED AFTER TWENTY YEARS: COMPTON AND EDRICH MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH VOCIFEROUS HERO-WORSHIPPERS TO THE PAVILION AT THE OVAL ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19.

Never can the Oval have seen greater expressions of enthusiasm than those called forth by Compton's winning hit to the boundary which at just before three on the afternoon of August 19 brought the Ashes—last won in Australia in 1932-33—back to England in the first victory in England against Australia since 1926. Excitement over the fifth and final Test Match of 1953 had mounted during the afternoon, and with the score at 127, only five runs were needed to win. A single

by W. J. Edrich brought Denis Compton facing A. R. Morris, with only four runs needed. Shouts enjoined him to hit a six, and off the fifth ball he hit a four. The match and the Ashes were England's—and the huge crowd made a rush for the Pavilion. Edrich and Compton had to run the gauntlet of vociferous hero-worshippers, who shouted, tried to slap them on the back, or pat them on the head as they raced down the narrow lane which police managed to keep clear for them.

THE ASHES COME HOME TO ENGLAND AT THE OVAL.



LEN HUTTON IS RUN OUT: THE ENGLAND CAPTAIN, AFTER OPENING THE SECOND INNINGS ON AUGUST 18, MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO REACH THE CREASE IN TIME.



SCORING A SINGLE OFF THE BOWLING OF W. A. JOHNSTON WHEN HE RESUMED HIS INNINGS ON AUGUST 19, AT THE OVERNIGHT SCORE OF 15 NOT OUT: W. J. EDRICH.



STEPPING OUT TO PUT DOWN A BALL FROM JOHNSTON DURING ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS: PETER MAY, WHO WAS CAUGHT BY A. K. DAVIDSON OFF A BALL BY KEITH MILLER, AFTER SCORING 37.

On these pages we give fine action photographs of some of the heroes of the English team which won the Ashes back at the Oval by eight wickets on August 19—the first victory in a Test Match series against Australia since 1922-33 and the first time on British soil since 1926. The match was an absorbing one, with changing fortunes



DRIVING TO THE BOUNDARY ON ONE KNEE OFF G. B. HOLE: A FINE ACTION IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.



THE HISTORIC MOMENT ON AUGUST 19 WHEN DENIS COMPTON'S BOUNDARY WON WINNING FOUR FROM ARTHUR MORRIS. THE SCORE WAS 128

to thrill and chill the thousands of wildly enthusiastic spectators. All seemed rosy for England on the opening day, when Australia stood at 118 for five in mid-afternoon: but all was not easy, for Ray Lindwall wagged the Australian tail very strongly and the score at the end of play was 275. On the second day England scored 305, out



PICTURE OF TREVOR BAILEY, WHO REMAINED IN FOR JUST SHORT OF FOUR HOURS WITH A SCORE OF 64.



THE FIFTH TEST MATCH AND THE ASHES FOR ENGLAND: HE IS HITTING HIS AND EXACTLY FOUR RUNS WERE NEEDED TO WIN THE MATCH.

of which Len Hutton hit 82 and Trevor Bailey, who had saved England in the matches at Lord's and Leeds, played a most valuable innings of 64. The English spin bowlers, Lock and Laker, got Australia out for 162 runs in their second innings and England were set to score 132 to win the match. On the last day Edrich carried his bat with

HEROES AND DRAMATIC MOMENTS OF THE 5TH TEST.



AUSTRALIA'S CAPTAIN, LINDSAY HASSETT, OUT L.B.W.: LAKER IN HIS FIRST OVER ON AUGUST 18 BEAT HASSETT WITH A VICIOUS OFF-BREAK TO GAIN AN L.B.W. APPEAL.



AFTER CATCHING ARCHER OFF LOCK—WHO IS LEAPING WITH JOY—DURING AUSTRALIA'S SECOND INNINGS AT THE OVAL ON AUGUST 18: W. J. EDRICH ROLLING OVER.



CAUGHT OR L.B.W.? G. B. HOLE WAS OUT FOR 17 OFF J. C. LAKER IN AUSTRALIA'S SECOND INNINGS. THE BALL WENT OFF HIS PADS AND WAS CAUGHT BY G. A. R. LOCK, BUT WAS THEN GIVEN AS L.B.W.

a score of 55, made in about four hours, and Denis Compton ably supported him. To Compton fell the dramatic task of hitting a four to reach the final target of 132 for a victory in the fifth and last Test Match of Coronation year; and amid scenes of great enthusiasm the English and Australian captains spoke over the microphone.

IN the light of present knowledge there is no need to repeat that when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour they were indulging in a wild gamble. One exceptionally able Japanese sailor, Admiral Isoroko Yamamoto, realised this clearly in advance, and others doubtless saw it also. In a letter, twisted by propaganda—Japanese propaganda—into a boast, though in reality a warning, he put his finger on the flaw in the programme. "Should hostilities once break out . . . it is not enough that we should take Guam and the Philippines, or even Hawaii and San Francisco. We should have to march into Washington and sign the treaty in the White House." There lay the crux. The programme was not decisive. It gave no answer to the question: "Where do we go from here?" Yet the early Japanese successes had been so sweeping and the ocean barrier built upon them so formidable that it took the United States a long time to nullify their effects. Admiral Morison's eighth volume, describing the conquest of New Guinea and the Marianas, long impolitely known as the Ladrões, does not start until the spring of 1944. It is as interesting as the most interesting of its predecessors.*

The new phase starts with Admiral Nimitz in the Marshalls and at Eniwetok, and General MacArthur moving along the New Guinea coast and invading the Admiralties. The historian reveals a sharp but not unfriendly debate on policy. Should there be two lines or one in the future advance upon Japan? And, to put it broadly, if there were to be one only, should that of Nimitz converge early on that of MacArthur, or vice versa? Some element of sentiment entered into MacArthur's view; he felt that he had a duty laid upon him to set the Philippines free. He got his way there, but the strategy of Nimitz was not subordinated to his. One factor influencing the decision in favour of two lines was the new Army bomber, the B.29, better known to the world as the Super-Fortress, which could strike Japan from the Marianas. A second was the natural objection of the naval men to taking their great weapons, the fast carrier and amphibious groups, into narrow waters where they would run the heaviest risks from land-based aircraft and would be least useful.

So both commanders went ahead. Yet MacArthur was not to be a land fighter only, or Nimitz a sea fighter, though the emphasis lay thus. MacArthur had his own fleet and, in addition, the fast carriers intervened in his Hollandia operations in New Guinea. Nimitz had his famous Marine divisions as well as some from the Army, and the most ferocious land fighting was in the islands which he secured. MacArthur was fully successful at Hollandia and in the later part of his programme. As regards these operations and some of those of Nimitz, I desire not to make a criticism, but to ask a question which it may be interesting for students to consider. Would it not have been possible to carry out further reconnaissance of landing beaches and their hinterland by means of boats or submarines? Maps were vague or very inaccurate; even those of Guam, formerly an American base, were not adequate for amphibious operations. In Humboldt Bay, on the New Guinea coast, all went well despite the fact that the plans were founded on information which proved to be false; but it so chanced that this was one of the few places where the Japanese hardly fought. If they had there might have been a repulse.

Saipan, in the Marianas, will be remembered as one of the great names in the Pacific War. Its conquest was resisted foot by foot and proved very costly. The attack upon it brought on the battle of the Philippine Sea, the greatest carrier battle in the history of war. The stage had now been reached at which the battleship, which according to old theory was to be protected by the carrier while it fought the enemy, had now been reduced to the humble role of protecting the carrier, the real capital ship, at least in these waters. Here all that the battleships on either side could really do for the carriers was to provide them with extra anti-aircraft protection, though the American battleships undertook tremendous bombardments of the islands. The battle was a great triumph for American naval aircraft, though most damage to the enemy was done by two submarines. Vice-Admiral Lockwood, who appears to such advantage in *Submarine!* reviewed here recently, had a wonderful flair for putting his boats in the right places.

The hostile commander, Ozawa, was first-class. His leadership as attacker was quite as good as that of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

1944: NEW GUINEA AND THE MARIANAS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Admiral Spruance as defender. He had the weaker fleet, but the longer-range aircraft. Therefore his strategy was to attack at the longest range he could manage, which would be too long for the Americans. Three factors confounded his plans. His land-based aircraft in the islands, on which he relied heavily, were pounded to pieces or shot down before they could intervene in force; his pilots, fighter and bomber, were



"THE ASSAULT MARINES WERE FIGHTING FROM THE MOMENT THEY LEFT THE AMPHIBIC; DEMANDS FOR WATER, AMMUNITION AND OTHER ITEMS SOON BECAME INSISTENT": U.S. MARINES FIGHTING ON SAIPAN. Illustrations reproduced from "New Guinea and the Marianas, March 1944–August 1944," by Samuel Eliot Morison (History of United States Naval Operations in World War II., Volume VIII.)

hopelessly inferior to the American, having on the average about a third of the latter's training; and his aircraft had the longer range only because they lacked armour, and therefore collapsed from a single burst of fire. Watching one of his great strikes from miles away, Americans in the destroyers covering the battle-line saw aircraft "falling like plums." They were practically all Japanese. On the other hand, there would have been little to show but "planes in the "Marianas Turkey Shoot," but for the exploits of the submarines *Albacore* and *Cavalla* in sinking the great carriers *Taiho* and *Shokaku*. It was only on the second day, June 20, that torpedo bombers sank a third, the *Hiyo*.

Admiral Spruance displayed after his victory and the retreat of Ozawa a caution little to the liking of the commander of his Fast Carrier Task Force, Mitscher, and other subordinates. He had, as indicated, fought a defensive battle, and won it. Now he ordered a pursuit at a pace designed only to catch lame ducks, if there were any, which there were not. Much discussion about this affair has since taken place. Spruance, unlike the others, bore on his shoulders the over-all responsibility for what may be called the campaign and for the safety of the forces on Saipan and their supplies. On the other hand, the risks to them were now slight, even in the light of information then available. At all events, the battle proved to be of immense importance.

It sealed the fate of the Marianas, which were to be an immense American asset. What was equally valuable, it destroyed the personnel of the Japanese naval air arm. Those airmen lost, about 500, were for the most part raw, but in another six months they would have been fairly good. The Japanese never recovered the lost ground, though they could have done so as regards aircraft.

The capture of Saipan was a great feat of arms. I always think the expansion of the Marine Corps was one of the most remarkable achievements of the United States. Here they had everything they could ask for in the way of air and artillery support, but their coolness, method and steadiness in face of counter-attacks were beyond praise. Their losses were high. The opposition was not a scratch collection, as on some Pacific islands. It was a strong, organised force, with some armour and a fair amount of artillery, and it fought fiercely. On the American side lessons were learnt and mistakes corrected in the subsequent operations on Tinian and Guam, though these also were costly. The defenders began the battle with high confidence. They felt sure of being able to hold out until the arrival of Ozawa and expected him to win a victory. The Japanese authorities were in no doubt as to the strategic significance of Saipan. Even before the end the Emperor let it be known that steps should be taken to end the war, but though Tojo was put out, no one was prepared at that stage to take such steps as would have been effective.

In this volume Admiral Morison tells fully the story of the submarines, only the most sensational feats of which have so far been mentioned here. One early

section is devoted to their work, and features of it are also brought out later in the narrative. The greatest weakness in the American naval air effort was in search. Ozawa was considerably better informed about American dispositions than Spruance was about Japanese. And the best information received by Spruance came from submarines. They had a great influence on the land fighting in the Marianas because they did so much damage to convoys on their way to them. For instance, one big "Maru" with 4100 men aboard was sunk by U.S.S. *Trout*, and only 1680 of these troops reached Guam. The submarines caught many freighters fleeing from islands at the beginning of American air attacks. Japanese submarines were innocuous. They certainly represented the most ineffective branch of the Japanese Navy. It was only in the early easy times that they gained much success.

The historical material acquired in Japan, and particularly the information supplied by the omnipresent, and omniscient, Captain Ohmae, of Ozawa's staff—even by the Admiral himself, on some points—has enabled the historian to know almost as much about the Japanese side as about the American. He includes a chapter on the logistics. Spruance had an advanced base close behind him at Eniwetok, but when we talk of advanced bases we generally mean places which provide something themselves or are reasonably near to places which do so. In this instance the advanced base provided only coconuts and was nearly 2500 miles even from Hawaii. Millions of barrels of oil came from the Dutch West Indies, more than half-way round the globe. Yet actually a large proportion of the provisions for sea and land forces were fresh, coming from New Zealand—and that, too, was quite a long step away. The expenditure of ammunition was colossal. Every new sort of warfare has lessons which must be learnt before it can be waged successfully. Here, apart

from the question of whether or not the stuff was there, by no means always the case at the start, there was a technique to be mastered. The Americans learnt fairly quickly, and very thoroughly.

How or when final victory was to come, and what it would cost was still not clear. That it would come was clear, even to the Japanese, at least to such of them as had knowledge on which to base their appreciations. The decisive factor was the air, mainly carrier-borne naval aircraft up to now, though "Army air" was to find great openings very shortly. Admiral Morison has now to leave the Pacific for a while, and his next three volumes will deal with the Mediterranean, the Atlantic battle, and the invasion of France



"ONE OF THE ABLEST ADMIRALS IN THE IMPERIAL NAVY; A MAN WITH A SCIENTIFIC BRAIN AND A FLAIR FOR TRYING NEW EXPEDIENTS, AS WELL AS A SEAMAN'S INNATE SENSE OF WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH SHIPS": ADMIRAL JISABURO OZAWA, COMMANDER OF THE MOBILE FLEET.



THE VICTOR IN THE BATTLE OF THE PHILIPPINE SEA—ADMIRAL SPRUANCE AND HIS STAFF: (FROM L. TO R.) CAPTAIN EMMET P. FORRESTAL, ADMIRAL RAYMOND A. SPRUANCE, CAPTAIN B. B. BIGGS, CAPTAIN CHARLES T. MOORE.

Admiral Spruance was Commandant 10th Naval District, San Juan from 1940 to 1941, and later Rear-Admiral in command of the cruiser division in Halsey's Task Force 16. After the Battle of Midway he became Chief of Staff to Admiral Nimitz and commanded the Central Pacific Force, later known as Fifth Fleet from 1944 to 1945. He was in overall command of the occupation of the Gilbert Islands, the invasion of the Marshalls and in operations for the capture of Saipan, Tinian (including Battle of the Philippine Sea), Guam, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. In 1945 he was appointed C-in-C, Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean areas, and in 1946 President of the Naval War College, Newport.

From a painting by Albert K. Murray, U.S.N.R.

in 1944. After that he is due to return to the Pacific, with a programme of three more volumes on the final stages of the war against Japan. These cannot contain all the drama of some of those already published because of the element of inevitability mentioned. Admiral Morison shows no sign of flagging. He is still vigorous and Doric, sometimes almost too much so for simple folk. What, in the name of Mercator, is a "bolo-shaped islet"?

* "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II.: New Guinea and the Marianas, March 1944—August 1944." By Samuel Eliot Morison. (Little, Brown and Co., Boston; 6 dollars.)

WONDERS OF THE AMAZON BASIN: STRANGE FISHES AND LAND ANIMALS.



NOW ON VIEW AT THE GOTHENBURG AQUARIUM: AN ANACONDA, OVER 13 FT. LONG, CAPTURED DURING A RECENT EXPEDITION IN COLOMBIA ALONG THE RIO CAGUAN.



SOUTH AMERICA'S "ELEPHANT": A TAPIR ENJOYING A REFRESHING BATH IN THE RIVER; SHOWING THE ANIMAL'S ELONGATED SNOUT OR SHORT TRUNK.



SHOWING THE TRIANGULAR, POINTED AND RAZOR-SHARP TEETH, WHICH MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST DREADED OF SOUTH AMERICAN FISH: A PIRAYA OR PIRANHA.



A CARNIVOROUS FISH WHICH IS, HOWEVER, NOT DANGEROUS FOR MAN: THE MACHETE (*RHAPHIODON VULPINUS*), IN WHICH THE LONG, LOWER CANINES FIT INTO FUNNELS.



SHOWING THE LONG FEELERS AND THE WIDE GAPE OF THE MOUTH: ONE OF THE GREAT MANY VARIETIES OF CATFISH TO BE FOUND IN THE AMAZON AREA.



INSPECTED BY JENNY, THE EXPEDITION'S PET BEAR: A LARGE ELECTRIC EEL (*ELECTROPHORUS ELECTRICUS*), A FISH CLOSELY ALLIED TO THE CHARACINS WHICH CARRIES BATTERIES IN THE TAIL.

The photographs reproduced on this page were taken during a recent expedition of nearly four months' duration in the almost unexplored forest areas of Colombia, when hundreds of miles were covered by canoe on the Putumayo, Caqueta and Caguan Rivers, tributaries of the mighty Amazon. These rivers contain some 2000 species of fishes, ranging from the pirarucu (*Arapaima gigas*), which has been described as the largest of fresh-water fish, to the piranha, which though of small size is among the most dangerous of fish. A shoal of the latter fishes has been observed to reduce a 100-lb. capybara to a skeleton in 55 seconds, and they can

strip a baited hook with their razor-sharp teeth without moving the float. In the shallows of these rivers may be found the electric eel, which is closely related to the characins and is not an eel at all. It may grow to a length of over 8 ft. and reach some 60 lb. in weight. The tail is provided with batteries which may loose an electric charge sufficient to paralyse a horse. The machete (*Rhaphiodon vulpinus*) is a characin and is remarkable for its long, lower canines, which fit into funnels running through the upper palate and the snout and they project from the top of the head when the mouth is closed.



THE latest addition to the series of Faber monographs on Pottery and Porcelain—by now a very distinguished list—is a book on Worcester, by Mr. F. A. Barrett, in which the result of recent research by several well-known specialists is neatly gathered together and presented in a form which is readily understandable by the amateur. It is an extremely well-balanced survey, and I would deduce from internal evidence that the author is being exceedingly careful to keep his own personal tastes a secret from the public; his approach is factual and he tells us all any reasonable persons can want to know about the objects so clearly shown to us in four colour-plates and 100 pages of illustrations without divulging what he really thinks about their æsthetic value. I must admit that I would have welcomed a more frequent indication of his own opinions—even an occasional outburst with which one could disagree. In short, I find his exposition a trifle flat, which sounds as if I am praising this book with faint damns, and that is far from my intention. Let me start again—this book is a first-class job of work, careful and scholarly and sensible, and who on earth am I to ask for purple passages or quarrelsome theories?—they would entertain me and irritate a hundred others. I repeat, this is an admirable work of reference, thoroughly up-to-date, full of sound learning and well up to the standard set by previous books on ceramics from the same house.

If your acquaintance with the products of eighteenth-century Worcester porcelain is limited, you probably remember best the vases and plates with a deep-blue ground and gilding and painted with various scenes; sometimes a landscape, sometimes birds and flowers, sometimes a few classical figures; when they appear

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE PERIOD OF WORCESTER PORCELAIN PRE-EMINENCE.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

real fun through sheer laziness. These famous pieces, with their perfection of potting, are, I suggest, a bit of a bore. What is really interesting and illuminating is to follow Mr. Barrett carefully through his account of the early years of the enterprise from 1751 onwards, and see what kind of product was offered to the public before the place attained to the stereotyped perfection of its heyday. Many hands, most of them anonymous, contributed to this development, and there is, in addition, the puzzling question of the relationship between this early Worcester and that of Bristol, for Lund's Bristol factory was transferred to Worcester. The author points out that it is not always possible to distinguish with certainty between the one and the other. "Certain painters' mannerisms are well known, such as the three spots arranged triangle fashion, of one of the blue-painters, and a polychrome artist who also painted with exquisite delicacy, often in a brilliant palette, and who has been named 'the fine brush painter' . . . Another Bristol-Worcester painter executed in brilliant, yet harmonious colours, Chinese figures in verdant landscapes and birds with long, fan-like tails, and the similarity of much of this painting to that found on Bristol white glass has long been recognised; not only are palette and brushwork alike, but also the subjects, perhaps the best-known being that of a tall Chinaman carrying a sunshade . . . once believed to be by the hand of the Bristol glass-painter, Michael Edkins, this attribution is now largely discounted, but, be that as it may, the brilliance of this artist's work is quite outstanding in the field of English porcelain"—and, if I may add a word of my own, in the field of Bristol tin-enamelled ware, for I picked up a plate recently in the depths of the country, the main decoration of which was this same unmistakable tall Chinaman, complete with sunshade—the most elegant of *boulevardiers*—though, I suppose, collectors of porcelain will look down their noses at him for daring to appear upon mere earthenware. The point is that there were all kinds of influences at work: Chinese influence, of course, this Bristol influence, and then Meissen, with its characteristic flowers; either mixed flowers or detached sprigs or a combination of both; and pretty little harbour scenes and landscapes (between 1755 and 1760). Then, in 1768, the factory announced that it had engaged the best painters from Chelsea, and, as a result, an advertisement appears in 1769 of wares "in the beautiful colours of Mazarine Blue and Gold, Sky Blue, Pea-green, French-green, Sea-green, Purple, Scarlet and other Variety of Colours, richly decorated with chased and burnished Gold. . . . The whole enamelled in the highest Taste, and curiously painted in Figures, Birds, Landscapes, Flowers, Fruits, etc." Allowing for commercial enthusiasm, it is fair to say that Worcester had arrived, with this "Mazarine blue," so-called—that is, with a near imitation of the deep-blue (*gros bleu*) of Sèvres; fashion seems to have swung over from Meissen to Sèvres at about this time; and "After about 1780

the classical urge became even more insistent and Grecian urns, sometimes of considerable size, were painted *en grisaille* as centre-pieces on dessert and other services, usually accompanied by a particularly dull and heavy blue border, though sometimes on a plain white ground. Their execution is heavy and depressing." In these words the author, who has exercised such admirable restraint for so long, indulges in a mild outburst amid the applause of every one of us, for these things can be dreary beyond a mortician's dream. A very brief—I would suggest, a too brief—chapter is devoted to what, except to fairly knowledgeable people, is not regarded as typical Worcester at all—that is, pieces decorated solely in underglaze blue.

In fact, the output was enormous. After all, the place existed fundamentally to produce tableware of quality which could stand up to normal usage, especially to hot water, without crazing or cracking, and decoration in under-glaze blue alone was the commercial answer—cheap and agreeable. Whether by luck or judgment they were, if not highly original, extremely well-painted, especially those decorated with versions of Chinese landscapes and figures. Some of the latter possess an oddly European air, just as the Europeans who appear occasionally in 18th-century Chinese porcelain are absurdly Chinese. After these oriental subjects Meissen flowers were a favourite pattern; and, of course, after painting came printing, pleasant enough but necessarily a trifle mechanical. We are reminded that some of this admirable underglaze blue-painted tableware had been "improved" by the later addition of enamel colours; if people buy and treasure these faked-up pieces they have only themselves to blame. Two pages of marks bring the story of the factory down to 1862, and the final illustration is of a vase of c. 1830, but I must confess that the illustrations of the early nineteenth century show a sad falling-off when compared with the lively, gracious, less-laboured designs of the previous fifty years. What on earth was it that made us artistically such monumental prigs at this period of our history?



PAINTED WITH A BIRD PERCHED ON A FRUITING SPRAY, PERHAPS ADDED BY GILES: A "BLIND EARL PATTERN" PLATE WITH GILT DENTIL EDGE. c. 1770. (Diameter 7½ ins.)

A great deal of Worcester porcelain was painted by decorators working independently of the factory itself. Among these was "James Giles, China and Enamel Painter," who may have been responsible for the bird perched on the fruiting spray on this plate.

By courtesy of the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.



PAINTED WITH A SUPERB LAKE SCENE: A JUG WITH A MASK LIP BEARING THE ARMS OF COLLIS WITH BARROW IN PRETENCE. UNMARKED 1760. (Ht., 10½ ins.)

The "vogue of the idealized landscape . . . was typical of the period (that of the early productions) and attained its highest achievement in such magnificent examples as the great armorial jug . . . bearing the arms of Collis with Barrow in pretence painted with a superb lake scene . . ." (By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

in the auction room, and especially if they form a whole *garniture* for a mantelpiece—the vases, that is—they fetch uncommonly high prices. Indeed, they are famous enough and rare enough to justify any price. But if your interest goes no further than this, you are condemning yourself to a very limited view of the achievement of this great factory and losing all the

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Worcester Porcelain." By Franklin A. Barrett; 100 pages of illustrations, 4 in colour. (Faber and Faber; 30s.)

Gold. . . . The whole enamelled in the highest Taste, and curiously painted in Figures, Birds, Landscapes, Flowers, Fruits, etc." Allowing for commercial enthusiasm, it is fair to say that Worcester had arrived, with this "Mazarine blue," so-called—that is, with a near imitation of the deep-blue (*gros bleu*) of Sèvres; fashion seems to have swung over from Meissen to Sèvres at about this time; and "After about 1780



WITH PERFORATED TOP AND MODELLED FLOWERS HANGING IN SKEINS: A "FRILLED" VASE WITH ROCOCO MOULDED SCROLLS AT FOOT AND FLOWER IN COLOUR. c. 1770. (Ht., 8 ins.) "The rococo, whether in moulding or decoration, continued to be restrained and was largely confined to the gilding. Some of the earliest productions were . . . moulded in a rather subdued rococo style, which is reflected during the succeeding decade. . . ."

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Worcester Porcelain"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Faber and Faber.

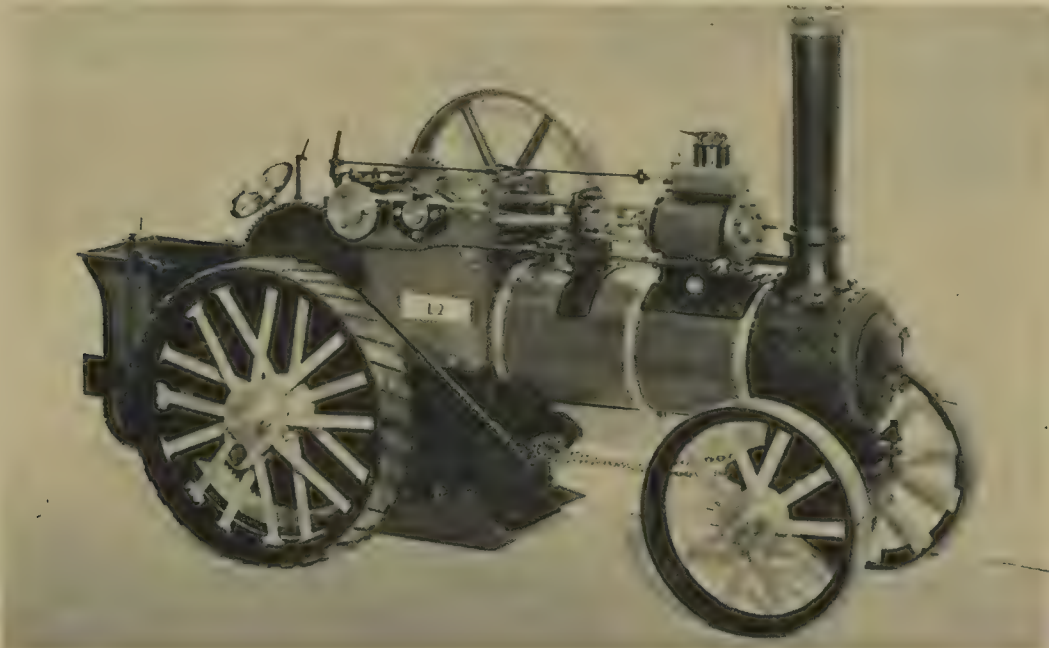
"THE MODEL ENGINEER" EXHIBITION: SOME OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS ON VIEW.



THE CENTREPIECE OF THE EXHIBITION: A COLOURFUL SCALE MODEL OF A SHOWMAN'S ROUNDABOUT WHICH IS STEAM-DRIVEN AND PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL.



AN EXHIBIT ARRIVES: MR. R. K. BOARDMAN, ASSISTED BY HIS WIFE, CARRIES IN HIS MODEL 4-4-0 S.R. "LI" LOCOMOTIVE WHICH WEIGHS 1½ CWT.



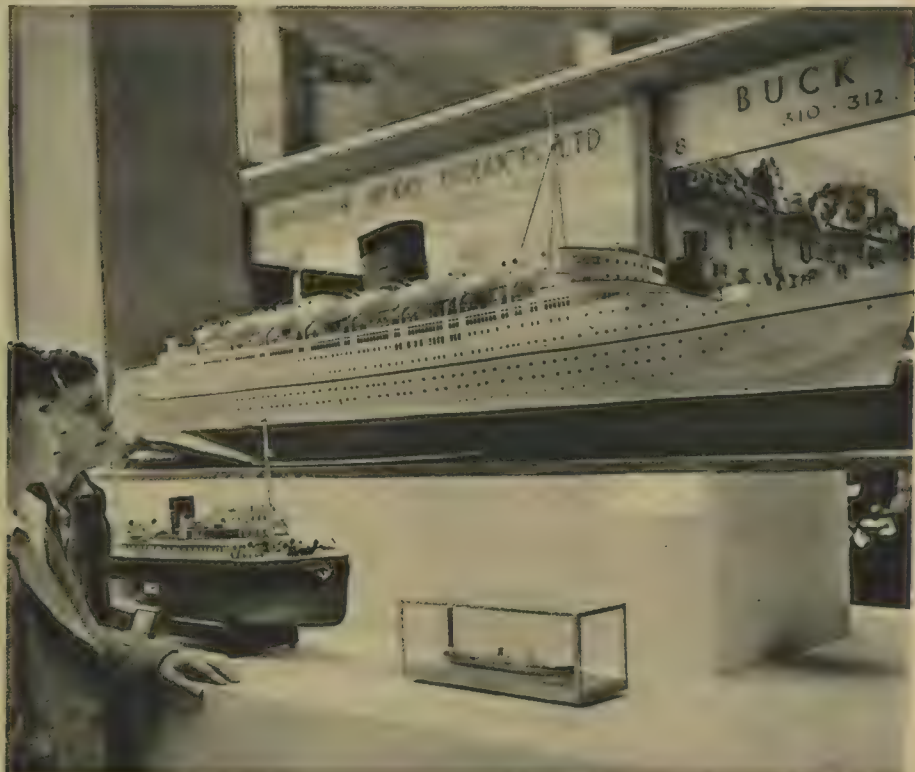
EXHIBITED BY MR. W. D. URWICK IN THE CLASS FOR MECHANICALLY-PROPELLED ROAD VEHICLES: A FREE-LANCE TRACTION ENGINE BUILT TO A 1¼-IN. SCALE, ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING MODELS ON VIEW.



LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: A MODEL OF THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON-CLASS YACHT *BLURBOTTLE*.



A FINE MODEL SHOWN BY MR. G. SOMMERHOFF: THE RADIO-CONTROLLED MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT WHICH LOWERS A MOTOR-LAUNCH FROM ITS STERN DAVITS.



LOST IN ADMIRATION: SCHOOLBOYS STUDYING THE DETAILS OF A 1/8-IN. SCALE MODEL OF R.M.S. *CARONIA* MADE BY MR. W. E. R. PRYOR.

"The Model Engineer" Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster (August 19-29), organised by the publishers of "The Model Engineer," has this year as its centrepiece a magnificent model of a Showman's roundabout complete with fair-ground music and galloping horses. It is steam-driven and perfect in every detail. It was made in his spare time by Mr. J. Slack of Chapel-en-le-Frith and took 9000 hours, spread over nine years, to complete. It is valued at £1000. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has lent two marine models to the

Exhibition, a water-line model of the frigate *Maggie* as she was under his command in the Mediterranean, and which was presented to him when he opened the exhibition last year, and a model of the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle*, which was a wedding present to H.M. the Queen and the Duke. Two radio-controlled motor torpedo-boats, built and operated by Mr. G. Sommerhoff, lead the demonstrations on the water tank. These boats are fully manoeuvrable by radio control, and one of them, while in the centre of the tank, will lower a launch that then speeds to the side.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OF PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

"A HISTORY OF JEWELLERY, 1100-1870"; By JOAN EVANS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MEN in all ages and climes have taken pains with the adornment of their persons, and most of them have stood in sore need of it. Where, precisely, amongst all the sorts of articles which have been suspended on, clasped on, or stuck on human bodies or vestments, the line is drawn between what is jewellery and what is not, I cannot say. At first hazard one might suppose that rarity and expensiveness of material were necessary ingredients of jewellery; that, for example, a spike of chicken-bone through an aboriginal nose would not be a jewel, but a spike of gold through a more highly civilised nose definitely would be. But it is not so simple as all that. Design can redeem baseness of material: Dr. Evans has pages on "cast-iron jewellery," which has been fashionable during former periods of what is now euphemistically called "recession." And, so, I conceive, can an element of august purpose, mingled with the desire for ornament: should the M'Bingo of M'Bongo, when he becomes President of our newest self-governing African Dominion, deem a crown or coronet necessary to symbolise the importance, or even sanctity, of his office, and have one made of a circlet of aluminium surmounted, in the baronial manner, by balls (polished, of course, to almost solar radiance) from old brass bedsteads, it will rank not merely as a jewel, but as a State Jewel.



SET WITH ROSE DIAMONDS AND ENAMELLED WITH COLOURED FLOWERS IN LOW RELIEF ON A BLACK GROUND; A WATCH BY DANIEL BOUQUET C. 1665; THE LID (LEFT) AND BACK (RIGHT). "An exquisite watch in the British Museum . . . is enameled in the raised technique, of which the invention is usually attributed to the Toutin family, with varicoloured flowers on a black ground. The lid has a wreath fitted in between the rim and the central rosette, both set with rose diamonds; the back has a flowing bunch of roses, tulips, lilies, fritillaries, pansies and other flowers . . ."

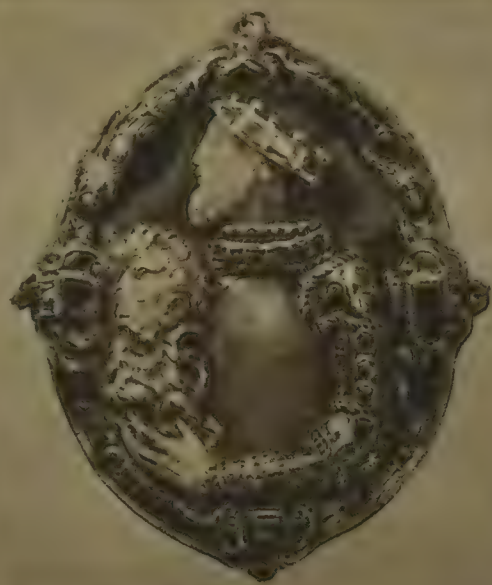
whether she has ever visited that extraordinary Button Museum in Prague, which I hope has survived the Nazis and the Communists. In her text she describes developments in taste and craft, with countless instances and references; in her illustrations she largely concentrates on the major masterpieces of each epoch, of which it appears that most of those which no longer remain in the possession of Royal families or cathedral treasuries, have settled into museums—nowadays the destination of portable masterpieces of whatever kind. Brooches and pendants, hat-medallions and clasps, crowns and reliquaries, mirrors and mounted cameos, crosses, miniature cases, bracelets and stomachers and necklaces, aigrettes, sprays and parures: they are all here chronologically, and where originals are not available for illustration, resort is had to illuminated manuscripts and painted portraits. The general trend of taste is reflected throughout in jewellery. Mediæval jewels have a Gothic tinge; then follows the classical influence as surely in jewellery as in architecture; and ultimately "Victorianism" dominates. The culmination of that might, I should have thought, have been illustrated from the works of Fabergé. But Dr. Evans will have nothing to do with him. She dismisses him with: "It is significant that Fabergé, who to many people is the Cellini of the late nineteenth century, never made a jewel in his life, and only gave the most general ideas for their design: he was a great salesman, and that in his day sufficed." But, as the sensible boy remarked, "If Homer didn't write his works it must have been another gentleman of the same name." Somebody must have designed his jewels and very dexterous craftsmen must have made them. We may well think that piles of emeralds and pearls might suggest something nobler than a life-like spray of lilies-of-the-valley in a wickerwork basket of topazes. But there are some earlier specimens in Dr. Evans's pages no less vulgar in taste, or no abler in execution.

There are cuts, illustrating designs, in Dr. Evans's text, and a few colour-plates: then there comes a section of photographs so substantial that it would make a book in itself. I don't see how the illustrations could be better; they certainly are instructive about design. But even the coloured illustrations—and there are beautiful ones—cannot give us the quintessence of precious stones, and the monochrome photographs (though they would be quite adequate for the Iron Crown of Lombardy) can tell us nothing about the sparkle of diamonds, the sheen of pearls, the veiled, glinting iridescence of opals, the rich lustre of rubies and sapphires and emeralds. When I was a small boy I stood long at gaze before jewellers' windows (if I tried it now in Bond Street I should be suspected of contemplating a smash-and-grab raid) and lost myself in the profound glow of jewels in rings and brooches, whose tiny surfaces opened gulfs of enchantment, depth after depth suffused by light and colour. On Sundays my ears rang with the resounding Greek names of the jewels of the Apocalypse, whereof there were made the gates of the New Jerusalem: chrysoprase,

chalcedony, sard, onyx and jasper—I don't remember what they all were, but they all glittered and shone, and nobody told me then that they were "semi-precious" like tourmaline and cornelian, which also have ravishing names, lovely to a poet's ear but unprofitable to the ear of Hatton Garden. The minor poets of the day were fascinated by the sound

of such names, as Milton was by that of remote place-names: whether any of them would have known a chrysoberyl or a chrysoprain had they seen one is more than I should now like to assert: I know that I shouldn't have, but the thunderous or languishing syllables of the names had something of the splendour of the gems: even turquoise, which I found as banal as coral or sealing-wax, was redeemed by its name. The names are here still; but the glowing or gleaming hues will not reproduce even in colour. And the black-and-white illustrations, though they serve Dr. Evans's historic purpose, will ravish the eye of no dreaming youth, though the chivalrous and dramatic associations of many of them are likely to start illuminated panoramas in the mind.

Whether her superb objects will have successors, unless or until there is another Dark Age and another Emergence, is, as Dr. Joan Evans sees it, doubtful. Taxation and social levelling have put the patrons out of action; mechanism and mass-production have swamped good craftsmanship. "What future," she asks, "lies before costume jewellery, with no fine jewels to emulate and an increasing trend towards mass production? A hundred years ago machine-made lace began to be produced at a price within the reach of all. In little more than fifty years it had killed the trade in hand-made lace. Will the development of cheap machine-made jewellery have the same effect in this levelling age? Already the American manufacturers are producing costume jewels that are intended to have no longer a life than that of the dress they adorn. It may be that the next century



DATING FROM THE MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A CAP JEWEL WITH DAVID BEARING THE HEAD OF GOLIATH. This beautiful cap jewel is of enamelled and jewelled gold. The head and body of David, who is bearing the head of Goliath, are of chalcedony. It is in the National Museum, Copenhagen.

will see jewels being produced that are of no more value or account than a button or a tassel; and one of the oldest of human crafts will have been brought to an end."

Perhaps the museums (with Government aid) may get some good ones made in order to render their collections comprehensive!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 334 of this issue.



A SPANISH OR PORTUGUESE FLOWER-SPRAY BROOCH C. 1770: SET WITH CHRYSOLITES.

"Jewels of semi-precious stones might be all the gentlewoman of modest means possessed; but even Empresses owned them too." This beautiful flower-spray brooch is set with chrysolites, green gems sometimes now called olivines. It is in a private collection. Illustrations reproduced from "A History of Jewellery, 1100-1870," the book reviewed on this page, by courtesy of the publishers.

The word is, in common use, a vague one. "These are my jewels," remarked the mother of the Gracchi, as she exhibited her two young hopefuls, who were to become such extremely seditious demagogues. How often, again, has one heard far-from-ornamental charwomen and cooks referred to as "jewels"! But such colloquial usages do give us a clue of a kind; the word certainly does imply something of rarity either in material, in design or in function. Beyond that I need not go. Definition is Dr. Evans's job, not mine. She, one of the most lively as well as one of the most learned, of our antiquaries, chooses the themes of these books of hers, so swarming with recondite facts; my business is merely (which is easy) to browse on her pastures of information and enjoy

* "A History of Jewellery, 1100-1870." By Joan Evans. Illustrated in Colours, Monochrome and Line. (Faber and Faber; 5 guineas.)

ROYAL, PRINCELY AND HISTORIC JEWELS, INCLUDING
A PENDANT WITH EMBLEMS RECORDING A TRAGIC LIFE.



MADE FOR LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND MATTHEW STEWART, EARL OF LENNOX, KILLED IN 1571: THE FRONT OF THE LENNOX OR DARNLEY JEWEL, ENAMELLED GOLD SET WITH SAPPHIRES.

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ENAMELLED WITH EMBLEMS INCLUDING THE SUN IN GLORY AND THE MOON, AND A PELICAN IN HER PIETY, WHOSE MEANING IS NOW LOST: THE BACK OF THE LENNOX JEWEL.



ENAMELLED WITH ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A SPANISH HAT MEDALLION OF GOLD c. 1540. *Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.*



IN ENAMELLED GOLD SET WITH RUBIES AND EMERALDS: A GERMAN PENDANT c. 1600. IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY EMPHASIS GRADUALLY SHIFTED FROM THE BRIGHTNESS OF GOLD TO THE GLOW OF JEWELS.



JEWELS IN OPAL PASTE, ENGLISH, SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. OPAL PASTE "OF A PINKY MILKISH KIND THAT DERIVED A NOVEL BEAUTY FROM THE ROSE-COLOURED FOIL OVER WHICH IT WAS SET, IS NOT IN THE LEAST LIKE OPALS, BUT IT IS QUITE CHARMING."

"Jewellery is one of the oldest of the decorative arts," writes Dr. Joan Evans in "A History of Jewellery 1100-1870" (Faber and Faber). "It answers to the deep human love of intrinsically beautiful materials, to the deep human wish for bodily beautification and to the superstitious need for reinforcing human powers by things that seem to a savage more lasting and more mysterious than man." We reproduce a selection of colour plates from this book by courtesy of the publishers. The Lennox or Darnley Jewel, once in Horace Walpole's possession and now in the collection of the Queen, made for Lady Margaret Douglas in memory of her husband, bears many



BROUGHT INTO THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION, VIENNA, BY THE MARRIAGE OF MARGARET OF BURGUNDY TO MAXIMILIAN I.: A GOLD BROOCH. MID-FIFTEENTH CENTURY. *Slightly enlarged. Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.*

emblems and allusions which cannot now be interpreted, though they refer to events in her tragic life. Of gold, the pendant (2½ ins. long) is in the shape of a heart, the cognizance of Douglas. One side is set with a heart-shaped cabochon sapphire between enamel wings beneath a jewelled crown. Faith, Hope, Victory and Truth are represented with their several emblems. The crown opens to disclose hearts united by a gold knot, and a cipher and motto. The sapphire heart opens to disclose clasped hands, emblems and another motto. The locket once contained a miniature, presumably of the Regent Lennox, and the inside is enamelled with abstruse emblems and inscriptions.



THE SCENE OF A DISCOVERY UNIQUE IN MAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY: THE TEMPLE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS AT PALENQUE, IN THE HEART OF WHOSE PYRAMID AN INTACT PRINCELY TOMB HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.

It has always been assumed that Central American pyramids were built with the purpose of raising the crowning temple nearer to the skies and more convenient to the god and also as useful platforms for astronomical observations. Dr. Alberto Ruz has now, however, discovered in this Mayan pyramid at Palenque steps leading into the interior and a central chamber containing an intact burial of great splendour—thus hinting at an unsuspected analogy with the Egyptian pyramids.



THE JADE DEATH MASK OF PALENQUE: THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF THE JEWELS FOUND IN THE UNIQUE ROYAL TOMB DISCOVERED IN THE HEART OF A MAYAN PYRAMID IN YUCATAN.

Elsewhere in this issue Dr. Alberto Ruz tells the story of his discovery of an absolutely unprecedented royal tomb in the heart of the pyramid on which stands the Temple of the Inscriptions at Palenque, in Yucatan. Such pyramids have previously been believed to be simply platforms for temples and astronomical observations—like the Sumero-Babylonian ziggurats, rather than the Egyptian pyramids. Within this pyramid at Palenque Dr. Ruz found a massive and richly-carved sarcophagus, and within this tomb the bones of a single personage—taller than the average modern Mayan and without certain characteristics which might be expected in an ancient Mayan noble—were found. These remains lay in a blaze of cinnabar and were scattered with innumerable jewels of jade, of which the most remarkable is the mask reproduced here in colour, slightly

larger than life-size. Of it Dr. Ruz writes: "At the moment of burial, the personage wore over his face a magnificent mask made of jade mosaic, the eyes being of shell with each iris of obsidian, with the pupil marked in black behind. . . . The mask was fitted directly on the dead man's face, the fragments being stuck into a thin coating of stucco, the remains of which fitted to the human face. Nevertheless, the mask had to be prepared beforehand, and may perhaps have been kept on a stucco head. It is perfectly possible that its main traits, realistic as they are, represent more or less those of the actual dead man." Dr. Ruz also advances the interesting theory "that the personage might have been of non-Mayan origin, though it is clear that he ended in being one of the kings of Palenque" in the seventh century of this era.



SYMBOLISING MAJESTY AND DEDICATION: THE SUPERTUNICA, THE ROBE ROYAL AND STOLE ROYAL, WITH THE CANOPY USED AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

The Majesty and dedication of the Queen are symbolised by the vestments used at the Coronation, which were on view at the Coronation Exhibition of the Royal School of Needlework held recently in St. James's Palace. The Canopy, embroidered with eagles, held over the Sovereign's head during the Anointing, was made for the Coronation of George VI. by the Royal School of Needlework. The Supertunica was that used by George VI.; and the Robe Royal, embroidered with the floral

emblems of the United Kingdom, was originally made for George IV. and used at the Coronations of George V. and VI. By ancient privilege the Girdlers Company presented the Stole Royal and the Girdle. The Stole Royal was woven in silk on a hand-loom with a flat metal thread of 90 per cent. silver and 2½ per cent. gold; and embroidered for the Girdlers Company with the floral emblems of the countries of the Commonwealth, and religious emblems.

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THE PYRAMID TOMB OF A PRINCE OF PALENQUE:

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY IN THE TEMPLE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS IN YUCATAN.

By Dr. ALBERTO RUZ, Director of Research at Palenque, in Yucatan, Mexico.
(See also Colour Plates in this issue.)

WHEN in the spring of 1949 the National Institute of Anthropology and History of Mexico appointed me Director of Research at Palenque, I fully appreciated that this was the most important event in my professional life.

I knew that my predecessors had been explorers, artists, scientists, distinguished men, and that marvellous sculpture had been discovered there during the course of 150 years; but I was convinced that many other archaeological treasures still lay hidden in the rubble of the palaces, temples and pyramids, and beneath the dense and mysterious Chiapas jungle which had been their jealous guardian.

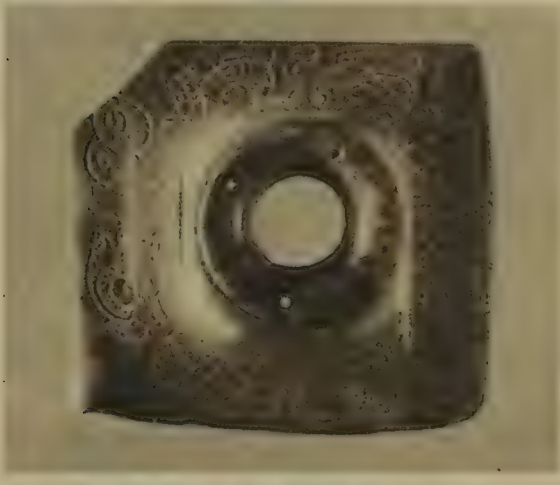


FIG. 2. THE REVERSE OF THE MAIN ELEMENT OF THE JADE EAR-PLUG WHICH HAD ADORNED THE BURIED PRINCE, SHOWING THE HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION.

A feature of my working plan was one which should always be present in the plans of archaeologists working in Mexico and Central America: to seek for architectural structures of an earlier date and lying beneath the actually visible building. It has, in fact, been proved that the ancient inhabitants of Central America were in the habit of building on top of older constructions, more with the object of increasing their height and bringing them closer to the heavens in which the gods lived than for any practical purpose.

For various reasons I decided to make such a search in the Temple of the Inscriptions (Fig. 5 and Colour Plate). First, because it was the tallest building in Palenque and therefore the most likely to have been built on top of something older; secondly, because of its importance and its containing some fine, large, sculptured panels and one of the largest Mayan hieroglyphic inscriptions; and thirdly, because it had never been explored and its flooring was more or less intact—owing to its being made of great slabs instead of the more usual simple levelled plaster.

This temple is composed of a portico leading to a sanctuary and two lateral cells; and in the central room of the temple one of the slabs of the flooring caught my eye, as it had done with my predecessors on the site. This slab has round its edges two rows of holes provided with stone plugs (Fig. 6). After thinking for some hours on its possible purpose, I came to the conclusion that the answer would be found underneath the stone; and accordingly I began to clear the floor beside it, in a place where the slabs had been already removed or broken by treasure-seekers, who had been discouraged from going on by meeting with a heavy filling of large stones.

Quite soon after beginning to remove the rubble I noticed that the temple's walls were prolonged under the floor instead of stopping at its level—a sure sign that there was "something" to be found underneath. Elated by this prospect, I began excavating and on the next day—May 20, 1949—there appeared that stone which, in Mayan buildings, is always used to close up a vault. The Mayans did not build a true arch, their vaulting being simply the result of bringing walls closer together by means of inclined facings which converge until there remains only a very small space to be closed with a single flat stone. A few days later I found a step, and then more and more steps (Fig. 7). What had been found was an interior staircase descending into the pyramid and which for a reason which we then did not know, had been made impracticable by a filling of large stones and clay.

Four spells of work—each two-and-a-half months long—were needed before we were able to clear the filling from this mysterious staircase. After a flight of 45 steps, we reached a landing with a U-turn. There followed another flight, of 21 steps, leading to a corridor, whose level is more or less the same as that on which the pyramid was built—i.e., some 22 metres under the temple flooring. In the vaulting of the landing two narrow galleries open out and allow air and a little light to enter from a near-by courtyard.

Above one of the first steps we reached we found a box-shaped construction of masonry containing a modest offering: two ear-plugs of jade placed on a river stone painted red. On reaching the end of the flight we found another box of offerings, backing on to a wall which blocked the passage. This time it was a richer offering: three pottery dishes, two shells

full of cinnabar, seven jade beads, a pair of circular ear-plugs also of jade, the plugs of which were shaped like a flower, and a beautiful tear-shaped pearl, with its lustre pretty well preserved. An offering of this kind, at such a depth, told us without any doubt that we were approaching the object of our search.

And, in fact, on July 13, 1952, after demolishing a solid obstruction some metres thick, made of stone and lime—this was very hard and the wet lime burnt the hands of the workmen—there appeared on one side of the corridor a triangular slab, 2 metres high, set vertically to block an entrance (Fig. 9). At the foot of this slab, in a rudimentary stone cist, there lay, mixed together, the largely-destroyed skeletons of six young persons, of whom one at least was a female.

At noon on the 15th of the same month we opened the entrance, displacing the stone enough for a man to pass through sideways. It was a moment of indescribable emotion for me when I slipped behind the stone and found myself in an enormous crypt which seemed to have been cut out of the rock—or rather, out of the ice, thanks to the curtain of stalactites and the chalcite veiling deposited on the walls by the infiltration of rain-water during the centuries (Figs. 10 and 14). This increased the marvellous quality of the spectacle and gave it a fairy-tale aspect. Great figures of priests modelled in stucco a little larger than life-size formed an impressive procession round the walls. The high vaulting was reinforced by great stone transoms, of dark colour with yellowish veins, giving an impression of polished wood.

Almost the whole crypt was occupied by a colossal monument, which we then supposed to be a ceremonial altar, composed of a stone of more than 8 square metres, resting on an enormous monolith of 6 cubic metres, supported in its turn by six great blocks of chiselled stone. All these elements carried beautiful reliefs.

Finest of all for its unsurpassable execution and perfect state of preservation was the great stone covering the whole and bearing on its four sides some hieroglyphic inscriptions with thirteen abbreviated dates corresponding to the beginning of the seventh century A.D., while its upper face shows a symbolic scene surrounded by astronomical signs.

I believed that I had found a ceremonial crypt, but I did not wish to make any definite assertions before I had finished exploring the chamber and, above all, before I had found out whether the base of the supposed altar was solid or not. On account of the rains and the exhausting of the funds available for this phase of the exploration, we had to wait until November before returning to Palenque. I then had the base bored horizontally at two of the corners; and it was not long before one of the



FIG. 4. A JADE IDOL, PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE SUN-GOD, WHICH WAS FOUND BY THE LEFT FOOT OF THE BURIED PRINCE.



FIG. 1. THE SUPREME MOMENT OF THE EXCAVATION. THE SCULPTURED LID OF THE TOMB HAS BEEN LIFTED ON BLOCKS AND JACKS; AND DR. RUZ, THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE CAVITY TO EXAMINE THE TOMB.

drills reached a hollow space. I introduced a wire through the narrow aperture and, on withdrawing it, I saw that some particles of red paint were adhering to it.

The presence of this colouring matter inside the monolith was of supreme importance. The offerings found at the beginning and the end of the secret staircase had borne red paint; and the sides of the great stone showed traces of having been painted red all over. This colour was associated in the Mayan and Aztec cosmogony with the East,

but also it is nearly always found in tombs, on the walls or on objects accompanying the dead person or on his bones. The presence of red in tombs came, therefore, to indicate resurrection and a hope of immortality. The particles of cinnabar adhering to the wire inserted into the centre of the enormous stone block was therefore unquestionable evidence of burial: and our supposed ceremonial altar must therefore be an extraordinary sepulchre.

To prove this it was necessary to lift the sculptured stone, which measured 3'80 metres by 2'20 metres (some 13 by 7 ft.), weighing about 5 tons and constituting one of the most valuable masterpieces of American pre-Hispanic sculpture. The preparations lasted two days in the midst of feverish tension. It was necessary to fell in the forest a hard-wood tree of the kind called in that region "bari," and to cut it into sections of different lengths, lift these along a greasy path to the lorry, convey them by motor to the pyramid, move them by manpower to the temple, lower them by cables through the interior

staircase and introduce them through the narrow aperture of the crypt.

The four major sections of the trunk were placed vertically under the corners of the stone and on top of each was placed a railway or motor-car jack (Fig. 11). On November 27, at dusk, after a twelve-hour working day, the soul-shaking manoeuvre took place. Every kind of precaution was taken to prevent the stone tipping up or slipping, and, above all, to prevent its suffering any damage. Handled simultaneously and without any jerking, the jacks lifted the stone millimetre by millimetre, and while this was happening slabs were placed underneath it to hold it up. When the jacks reached the limit of their extension, other sections of the tree were inserted and the operation was repeated. A little before midnight the stone was resting intact 0'60 metres above its original level on six robust logs of "bari" and a few days later it was lifted to a height of 1'12 metres.

Once the stone left its seating and began to rise it could be seen that a cavity had been cut out of the enormous block which served it as a base. This cavity was of an unexpected shape, oblong and curvilinear, rather like the silhouette in schematised form of a fish or of the capital letter Omega (Ω), closed in its lower part (Fig. 15). The cavity was sealed by a highly-polished slab fitting exactly and provided with four perforations, each with a stone plug. On raising the slab which closed it we discovered the mortuary receptacle.

This was not the first time during my career as an archaeologist that a tomb had been discovered, but no occasion has been so impressive as this. In the vermilion-coloured walls and base of the cavity which served as a coffin, the sight of the human remains—complete, although the bones were damaged—covered with jade jewels for the most part, was most impressive (Fig. 13). It was possible to judge the form of the body which had been laid in this "tailored" sarcophagus; and the jewels added a certain amount of life, both from the sparkle of the jade and because they were so well "placed" and because their form suggested the volume and contour of the flesh which originally covered the skeleton. It was easy also to imagine the high rank of the personage who could aspire to a mausoleum of such impressive richness.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 3. A LARGE "ARTIFICIAL" PEARL, FORMED BY JOINING PIECES OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL, WHICH SERVED AS A COUNTERPOISE OF THE EAR-PLUG OF FIG. 2.



FIG. 5. THE TEMPLE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS, PALENQUE, WHOSE PYRAMID, CONTRARY TO ALL EXPECTATION, CONTAINED A ROYAL BURIAL. A COLOUR PLATE OF THIS TEMPLE, LATER IN THE EXCAVATIONS, APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE.



FIG. 6. THE FIRST CLUE: THE PLUGGED FLAGSTONE IN THE FLOOR OF THE TEMPLE, WHICH, IT WAS FOUND, COVERED THE ENTRANCE TO THE STAIR OF THE CRYPT.



FIG. 7. THE SECOND STAGE OF THE TRAIL: THE STAIRCASE WHICH LAY BENEATH THE PLUGGED FLAGSTONE, AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEARED OF THE RUBBLE WHICH BLOCKED IT.



FIG. 8. ONE OF TWO STUCCO HEADS, APPARENTLY BROKEN FROM LARGER PIECES, WHICH WERE FOUND UNDER THE SEPULCHRE.



FIG. 9. THE THIRD STAGE IN THE TRAIL: THE TURN IN THE STAIR AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT. AT THE BACK IS THE PLACE WHERE SIX PERSONS WERE SACRIFICED.

Continued from page 321.

We were struck by his stature, greater than that of the average Mayan of to-day; and by the fact that his teeth were not filed or provided with incrustations of pyrites or jade, since that practice (like that of artificially deforming the cranium) was usual in individuals of the higher social ranks. The state of destruction of the skull did not allow us to establish precisely whether or not it had been deformed. In the end, we decided that the personage might have been of non-Mayan origin, though it is clear that he ended in being one of the kings of Palenque. The reliefs, which we have still to uncover on the sides of the sarcophagus and which are now hidden under lateral buttresses, may tell us before long something of the personality and identity of the glorious dead.

Even if he had not been buried in the most extraordinary tomb so far discovered in this continent of America, it would still be perfectly possible to assess the importance of this personage from the jewels which he wore—many of them already familiar in Mayan bas-reliefs. As shown in some reliefs, he was wearing a diadem made from tiny discs of jade and his hair was divided into separate strands by means of small jade tubes of appropriate shape; and we discovered a small jade plate of extraordinary quality cut in the shape of the head of Zotz, the vampire god of the underworld, and this may have been a final part of the diadem. Around the neck were visible various threads of a collar composed of jade beads in many forms—spheres, cylinders, tri-lobed beads, floral buds, open flowers, pumpkins, melons, and a snake's head. The ear-plugs were composed of various elements, which together made up a curious flower (Fig. 2). From a square jade plate with engraved petals, a tube, also of jade, projected and this ended in a flower-shaped bead; while on the back of the square plate (which carries a hieroglyphic inscription) a circular plug was fitted. All these elements would be united by a thread and it would seem that there hung as a counterpoise to them, behind the broad part of the ear, a marvellous artificial pearl, formed by uniting two perfectly-cut pieces of mother-of-pearl, polished and adjusted to give the impression of a pearl of fabulous size (36 mm.) (Fig. 3). Over the breast lay a pectoral formed of nine concentric rings of twenty-one tubular beads in each. Round each wrist was a bracelet of 200 jade beads, and on each finger of both hands a great ring of jade. We found these still fixed on the phalanges, and one of the rings was carved in the form of a crouching man, with a delicate head of perfect Mayan profile. In the right hand he held a great jade bead



FIG. 10. THE FOURTH STAGE IN THE TRAIL: THE WALLS OF THE CRYPT ARE COVERED WITH LARGER-THAN-LIFE STUCCO FIGURES, PARTLY VEILED WITH CHALCITE.

of cubical form, and in the left, another, but this one spherical, the two being perhaps symbols of his rank or magical elements for his journey to another world. Near his feet we found another two great jade beads, one of them hollow and provided with two plugs in the shape of flowers. A jade idol of precious workmanship stood near the left foot and is probably a representation of the sun god (Fig. 4). Another little figure of the same material must have been sewn above the breech-clout. From the mouth cavity we extracted a beautiful dark jade bead, which, according to the funeral rites of the Mayans, was placed there so that the dead person should have the means to obtain sustenance in the life beyond the tomb. At the moment of burial, the personage wore over his face a magnificent mask made of jade mosaic, the eyes being of shell, with each iris of obsidian, with the pupil marked in black behind (Colour Plate). Of the hundreds of fragments, some remained on the face, adhering to the teeth and the forehead, but the greater part were lying on the left side of the head, clearly as the result of the mask's slipping off during the burial. The corpse must have been set in the sarcophagus entirely wrapped in a shroud painted red, and the same cinnabar colour adhered to the bones, the jewels and the bottom of the sarcophagus when the cloth and the flesh decomposed. The mask was fitted directly on the dead man's face, the fragments being stuck in a thin coating of stucco, the remains of which fitted to the human face. Nevertheless, the mask had to be prepared beforehand and may perhaps have been kept on a stucco head. It is perfectly possible that its main traits, realistic as they are, represent more or less those of the actual dead man. After the burial the sarcophagus was closed with its lid and covered with the enormous sculptured stone. Some jewels were thrown upon this—a collar with slate pendants and what was probably a ritual mask made of jade mosaic—and there were placed underneath the coffin various clay vessels, perhaps containing food and drink, and two wonderful human heads modelled in stucco, which had been broken from complete statues (Fig. 8). At the closing of the crypt six young persons, perhaps sons and daughters of important persons at Court, were sacrificed to act as companions and servants of the dead man in the other world. In the best-preserved of their skulls could be noted the cranial deformation and the mutilation of the teeth which were customary in the nobility alone. A serpent modelled in lime plaster seems to rise straight out of the sarcophagus and ascend the steps which lead to the threshold of the room. Here it is transformed

[Continued above, left.]

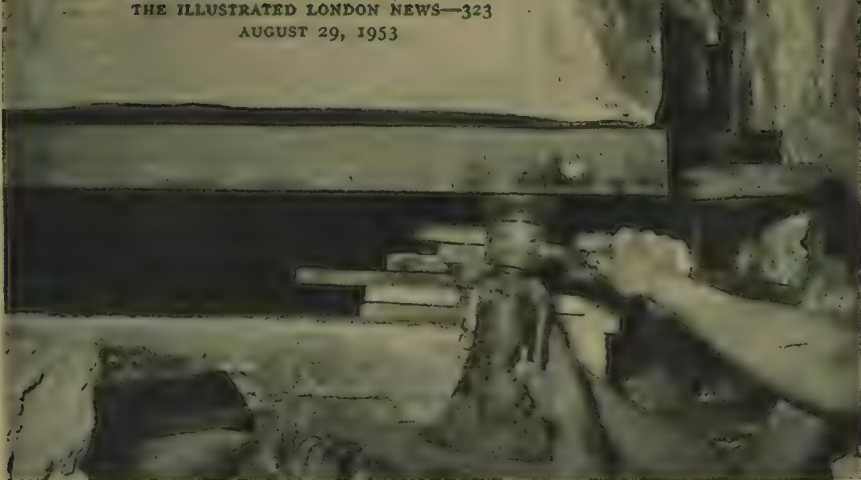


FIG. 11. AFTER DRILLING THE SIDE OF THE SARCOPHAGUS IT WAS DECIDED TO LIFT THE SCULPTURED LID BY MEANS OF WOOD BLOCKS AND LIFTING-JACKS.

Continued.

into a tube, running as far as the flooring of the corridor and after this it leads on to the temple, in the form of an echeloned moulding, hollow and superimposed on the steps. This amounts to a magical union, a conduit for the spirit of the dead man to ascend to the temple in order that the priests might continue to be in contact with his deified being and able to explain his mandates. Our search for an older building under the Temple of the Inscriptions could therefore not lead to the expected result, but in exchange it revealed a tomb whose discovery leads to considerable modification of certain established concepts concerning the function of the American pyramid. It was formerly thought that this was solely a solid base for supporting a temple, unlike the Egyptian pyramids, which are vast mausoleums.

Palenque's "Royal Tomb," as it is now popularly called, with a certain intuitive propriety, perhaps—brings us a great deal closer to the Egyptian concept once we grant that the pyramid which hid it, although supporting a temple, was also constructed to serve as a grandiose funeral monument. The monumental quality of this crypt, built by thousands of hands to challenge the centuries and enriched with magnificent reliefs; the sumptuousness of the tomb itself, a colossal monument weighing 20 tons and covered all over with bas-reliefs of stupendous quality;

[Continued above, right.]

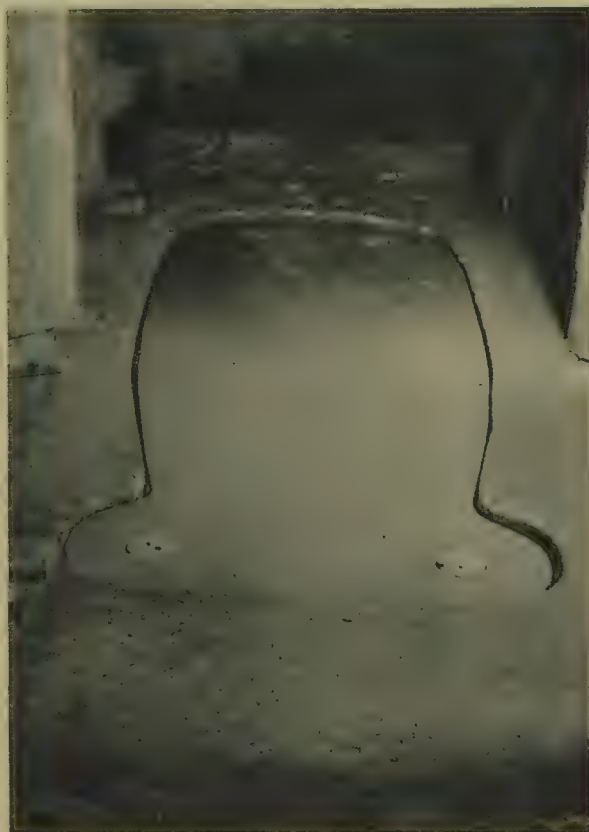


FIG. 12. BENEATH THE CARVED COVER OF THE HUGE STONE SARCOPHAGUS: THE HIGHLY-POLISHED LID OF THE CAVITY, WHICH HAD THE SHAPE OF A CAPITAL OMEGA.

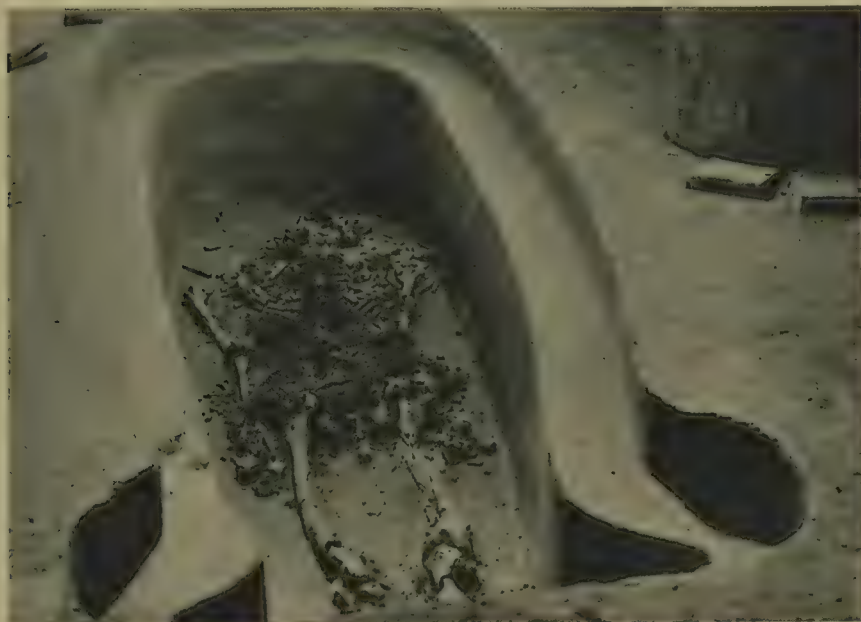


FIG. 13. THE COVER IS TAKEN OFF AND THE BURIAL LIES OPEN, THE BONES SCATTERED WITH INNUMERABLE JADE JEWELS AND STAINED A BRILLIANT CINNABAR RED.

Continued.

appears to confirm this obsession and synthesises in its reliefs some essentials of the Mayan religion. The presence here, in a sepulchral slab, of motives which are repeated in other representations, gives perhaps the key to interpret the famous panels of the Cross and the foliated Cross (in Palenque) and also some of the paintings in the codices. On the stone in question we see a man surrounded by astronomical signs symbolising heaven—the spatial limit of man's earth, and the home of the gods, in which the unchanging course of



FIG. 14. THE CRYPT—A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE VAULTING AND THE STONE TRANSOMS AND THE GREAT LID OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, COVERED WITH ELABORATE SYMBOLIC MAYAN CARVING OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.

Continued.

the rich jade finery of the buried personage; all this expense of toil and this magnificence suggest to us the existence in Palenque of a theocratic system similar to that of Egypt, in which the all-powerful priest-king was considered during life or after death to be a real god. This Palenque Royal tomb also leads us to suppose that the attitude towards death of the Mayan "halach uinic" was very close to that of the Pharaohs. The stone which covers the tomb

[Continued below.]



FIG. 15. AFTER NERVE-RACKING MANŒUVRES, THE LID WAS RAISED AND PROPPED ON BLOCKS, AND BENEATH COULD BE SEEN THE OMEGA-SHAPED COVER.

the stars marks the implacable rhythm of time. Man rests on the earth, represented by a grotesque head with funeral traits, since the earth is a monster devouring all that lives; and if the reclining man seems to be falling backwards, it is because it is his inherent destiny to fall to the earth, the land of the dead. But above the man rises the well-known cruciform motif, which in some representations is a tree, in others the stylised maize-plant, but is always the symbol of life resurgent from the earth, life triumphing over death.

TRIUMPH CROWNS THE SEARCH AT PALENQUE: THE UNIQUE ROYAL BURIAL REVEALED.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A WEEK or two ago I was asked—not for the first time—what was the best plant I ever collected. A tiresome—I would almost say, a silly—question when asked, just like

that, without qualification, and without terms of reference by which the chosen best should be judged. As well ask a man what was the best joke he ever made, without specifying what type of joke—the most witty, the most saucy, the most scholarly, the sort that makes the smoking-room roar the loudest, or the type that causes the curate to change the conversation in the greatest nervous haste. And so with plants. There are so many different qualities, any one of which might put one's treasured find at once into the "best" category. It might be sheer beauty, or pure beauty coupled with growability, it might be fragrance, flavour, or even nutrition value that constituted a best; or, if you happen to be a nurseryman—and what amateur gardener isn't more or less of a nurseryman these days?—a plant which turns out to be a best-seller might well be regarded by its collector as his best find. Then, too, there are the fanatical specialists, to whom extreme rarity means everything, regardless of beauty, growability or garden value. Such folk would rather discover an entirely new species of plant than find, and bring into cultivation, some exquisite flower which had already been recorded, and named botanically, but which had never before found its way into gardens. Personally, although I have collected and introduced quite a number of plants which were new to gardens, I have never discovered a new species. But I confess I'd rather like to, especially if the botanists named it after me. What a thrill to see my find go down in the annals of botany as *Pedicularis elliottii*, shall we say. But what anti-climax—*Pedicularis* being the Latin name of louse wort—to find myself immortalised by a squalid-looking parasitic weed called Elliott's louse wort. In plant-collecting I have always been on the look-out for plants of real garden value, rather than plants of purely botanical interest. Perhaps if I had sent home dried specimens of all the plants I encountered on my various expeditions, no matter how drearily weed-like they were, one or two new species might have turned up to delight the botanists. But to find plants which are new to science, and at the same time real assets to the garden, one must travel and explore well off the map, in the manner of Kingdon Ward, Purdom or Forrest.

However, in spite of its being rather a silly question, and in spite, too, of its seeming perhaps a trifle egotistical, I am tempted to discuss what I consider my best plant. It must, of course, have been collected in the wild. That cuts down the range of choice considerably, for I confess that some of my most successful plant-collecting has been done in cottage gardens in this country, and in the gardens of generous friends. Hybrids which I have raised by crossing are also ruled out.

The qualifications ruling the choice of my best plant shall be two in number, and quite simple. It must be a plant which I personally admire as beautiful, and at the same time it must be a plant which has given the greatest amount of pleasure to the greatest number of people. In other words, it must be quite hardy and reasonably easy to grow in any decent soil. Those conditions cut out a whole lot of beautiful and interesting plants. The sensational *Puya alpestris*, which has been described and figured in *The Illustrated London News*, must go, despite its leafage like an enlarged

MY BEST PLANT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

pineapple crown, and its dramatic flower spike like a 3- to 4-ft. yucca, in lurid peacock blue-green. In all but the mildest parts of Britain it must be grown in a pot, and wintered indoors. Another plant which I brought from Chile, *Leucocoryne*, "Glory of the Sun," is one of the loveliest flowers that I know, and one of the finest cut flowers, with its slender, wiry stems, and heads of big

air, and has proved rather tricky to grow under glass. Another Chilean plant, *Verbena corymbosa*, which, in effect, is like a hardy heliotrope for the herbaceous border, might well have proved my best plant, for it is absolutely hardy, easy to grow, smells slightly of heliotrope, and looks extraordinarily like that delightful plant.

But for some obscure reason it has failed to achieve more than moderate recognition.

After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that my best find was one which many would consider a very humble and ordinary plant—a pigmy London Pride. It was in the Pyrenees, near the little mountain village of Oo, above Luchon, that I found it. We stayed, a party of three of us, at an ancient château-farmhouse with a peasant-aristocrat farmer and his family. The farmhouse, dated 1800, had been in the family since its building. Living was almost incredibly simple and primitive—and delightful. One morning Joseph, the son of the house, drove us up the valley as far as the road went, in the direction of the Lac d'Oo. Whilst he was putting up the horse and carriage we strolled slowly on up the valley. Soon we were held up by a gigantic and very cross bull who stood in our path, head down, tail up, pawing the ground and roaring defiance like a mad thing. He was probably only showing off to his wives, who were placidly grazing all around, and seemingly couldn't have cared less. We, on the other, could scarcely have cared more. We watched the performance without advancing, until Joseph overtook us. He threw a stone or two at the bull, who walked quietly off. He wouldn't have done it for us.

The last half-mile up to the lake was a rough, rocky slope with innumerable little streams and runnels of water chattering down. Here grew two species of saxifrage. Here was *Saxifraga aquatica*, which grew in the stream sides, with velvety green leaf rosettes like some gigantic mossy saxifrage, and stems a foot high carrying disappointingly small heads of white flowers. I collected a few specimens and grew them for a year or two, but the plant was more interesting than beautiful, and it did not stay with me for long. The other species was a miniature London Pride, *Saxifraga primuloides*, a pretty little thing, with neat dark-green leaf rosettes, and 5- or 6-in. sprays of small pale-pink flowers. It grew there in vast quantities, and for some reason or other I settled down for a long intensive search for a possible form or variety, something better than the normal type. In the end I found what I had felt might perhaps exist, and it was a better break than I had dared to hope for. I came upon one solitary clump of *S. primuloides*, a trifle dwarfer than all the rest, with redder stems, and with flowers of a really good

deep pink, instead of the normal, rather washy type. I was pleased at my find, but little realised as I wided off a few rosettes from the main plant and slipped them into my bag, that it was destined to become one

of the most popular and widely-grown of all rock-garden plants. It is no exaggeration to say that *Saxifraga primuloides* Elliott's variety makes its appearance on 90 per cent. of the rock-garden exhibits at Chelsea Flower Show each year, and has done so, regularly, for the last forty years or so.

But what finally made me realise that I had really introduced a plant was when, in 1927, I visited the rock garden of an Alpine enthusiast in Patagonia, and saw my little London Pride flourishing and holding its own in a truly astonishing collection of choice Alpines.



"I CAME UPON ONE SOLITARY CLUMP OF *S. primuloides*, A TRIFLE DWARFER THAN ALL THE REST, WITH REDDER STEMS, AND WITH FLOWERS OF A REALLY GOOD DEEP PINK, INSTEAD OF THE NORMAL, RATHER WASHY TYPE": A CLUMP OF *Saxifraga primuloides* ELLIOTT'S VAR. WHICH NOW MAKES ITS APPEARANCE ON 90 PER CENT. OF THE ROCK-GARDEN EXHIBITS AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW EACH YEAR.

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.



A PLANT DISCOVERED BY MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT WHICH WAS DESTINED TO BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND WIDELY-GROWN OF ALL ROCK-GARDEN PLANTS: *Saxifraga primuloides* ELLIOTT'S VAR. IN FLOWER (FOREGROUND), WITH *Aethionema grandiflora* BEHIND.

scilla-like blossoms, clear soft blue, with white centres, smelling like heliotrope and lasting in water, two, three or even four weeks. But "Glory of the Sun" is disqualified because it is not reliably hardy in the open

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OFF TO A FLYING START: THE FOUR COMPETITORS IN THE TRACTION-ENGINE DERBY HELD AT PICKERING, NORTH YORKSHIRE, ON AUGUST 15, WITH THEIR FUNNELS BELCHING THICK BLACK SMOKE AND EMITTING SHOWERS OF SPARKS.

WHAT is believed to be the first traction-engine Derby to be held in the North of England took place at Pickering, North Yorkshire, on August 15. It was organised by the Pickering Sports Committee with a view to paying off the mortgage on the old bowling-green and equipping it as a playground for children. There were four competitors [a fifth entrant failed to arrive], all found somewhere in Yorkshire, where they have been used for threshing. The oldest was fifty-three-year-old *Black Bess*, which had been under a hedge for the last five years, while the youngest, *Surprise*, was a mere seventeen-year-old. Belching black smoke and emitting showers of sparks from their funnels, the traction engines got off to a good start, but *Black Bess* and *Mary* were soon outpaced, and *Old Glory* and *Surprise* were left to fight it out at a speed of 10 m.p.h., rocking and lurching over the uneven ground. *Old Glory* passed the post first in what was almost a photo-finish with its young challenger. The driver of *Old Glory* was Mr. Edward Mortimer, who was celebrating his sixtieth birthday that day, and his steerer was Mr. Edward Wardell, who, it transpired, was the owner of the field. One of the several thousand spectators at the event was heard to remark "Couldn't help but win it. He knowed all the bumps, tha sees."

(RIGHT.) ALMOST A PHOTO-FINISH IN THE TRACTION-ENGINE DERBY: *OLD GLORY* (RIGHT) PASSING THE POST AHEAD OF THE YOUNGEST COMPETITOR, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD *SURPRISE*.



THE TRACTION-ENGINE DERBY AT PICKERING: COMPETITORS IN A NOVEL RACE AT THE START AND THE FINISH.



SOME OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF ANIMALS THAT DIG IN THE EARTH FOR FOOD, SHELTER OR THE

Digging into the earth is a widespread habit. Among the mammals it is little used by the larger hoofed animals and the members of the cat family, although even among them we see such things as the elephant scraping at the salt-lick or the minor excavations of the cat. At the opposite extreme we have the wholesale tunnelling of rabbits and many of the rodents, and in the various species of moles and mole-rats the whole structure of the body appears to be specially adapted towards making the maximum use of digging in the earth. Among birds, the habit is less in evidence, yet even here it is still fairly widespread. On the one hand there is the limited use, as in the thrush scratching among the grass for ants, the domesticated

hen tearing up the earth for insects and worms, and the ground-nesting birds which fashion a shallow, cup-shaped scrape in the ground in which to lay their eggs; and on the other hand we have kingfishers and sand-martins making fair-sized tunnels with, one would have thought, limited equipment. The manner and purpose of digging vary considerably, but all have as an end the search for food, shelter or protection of the offspring. Further down the scale we find similar behaviour in reptiles and amphibians and even in some species of fishes that dig pits for the reception of their eggs. The story can be continued for the lower forms of life, the invertebrates. Quite astonishing feats of excavation can be performed by insects

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH



PROTECTION OF THE YOUNG: BURROWING AS AN AID TO SURVIVAL AMONG BIRDS, MAMMALS AND INSECTS.

having no special structures or equipment for the purpose, but making up for the lack of these by the speed and energy of their movement. And, of course, at the very lowest levels of animal organisation, we have one of the finest mining engineers, the familiar earthworm. In these pictures are portrayed some of the animals that make use of digging, either to a greater extent than usual or because their behaviour in making use of the ground is of an abnormal or extreme form. Some dig and share the products of their toil with strange bed-fellows, as when the prairie-dog, burrowing owl and rattlesnake make use of the same burrows, or the tuatara and the shearwater. Some use the burrows all the time, like the moles; others use

them for special purposes, like the platypus or the trapdoor spider. Some are remarkable for the speed at which they work, such as the aardvark, which is reputed to be able to dig faster than a team of men. Then there are the striking contrasts as in the sand-martin, which excavates a bank as well as a kingfisher, although its beak is feeble by comparison. In many, there is some special shape or structure of claw and teeth that compels the allusion to a pick and shovel. The special adaptations for digging are, however, found only in the minority of animals that dig, and one is driven to the reflection that when circumstances demand, an animal will use whatever equipment it has to attain a desirable or necessary end.

THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THOSE who try to rid their gardens of snails, as I have often seen it done, by hand-picking them and throwing them over the fence into the fields beyond, or on to a roadway, are incurable optimists. When thrown on to a road, there may be a proportion succumb beneath the tyres of passing vehicles, but the survivors will find their way back whence they were thrown as surely as the sun will set. The homing instinct is strongly developed in them. From a distance of 30 ft., certainly, and possibly more, marked snails will return to the exact spot from which they were removed. If need be, they will climb fences or walls to make the return, in a direct line, even over a route they have probably never used before.

A correspondent, living in North London, has a problem of a different order. He finds that snails congregate in the vicinity of a clump of lupins, and that as fast as he destroys them others come in to replace them. Or so it seems to him; and he is puzzled. It is fairly certain that there is in that spot something especially attractive to the snails, for this particular incident is by no means unique and, as in the homing, the guiding principle is the snails' sense of smell. It recalls the story told by Charles Darwin in his "Descent of Man" (Edition 1, page 325). It was given to him by a Mr. Lonsdale, who told how two Roman snails, one of which was sickly, were placed in a small, ill-provided garden. The healthy snail soon climbed the wall and disappeared into the next garden, which was well-stocked. Some twenty-four hours later it returned, but it did not stay long. In a short while it was seen once again climbing the wall, this time in company with the sickly snail, following the same track, to disappear into the next garden, as before.

The assumption made by Darwin, and generally accepted since, was that the first snail had communicated the results of its expedition to the sickly snail, with the consequence that both set off on the second occasion for the rich feeding-grounds. The incident occurred too long ago and the details recorded are too inadequate to permit comment, except on one or two of the major points. Although the story flavours of the easy assumptions made from a single observation a century ago, as contrasted with the searching analyses needed to essay a conclusion to-day, it is not beyond credence. In most species there exists some mechanism in the behaviour which enables one individual to communicate to another the whereabouts of food. The second point is that the finding of the food by the first snail was, without doubt, because it could be smelt; and on its return, this first snail probably carried the smell of that food with it, which would cause the second snail to follow the first. Whether the first snail deliberately came back to fetch its companion is a matter that lies beyond the realm even of speculation.

The main thing this story brings out is the extremely acute sense of smell in snails; as well as the snail's ability to make use of it. Another of the classic stories concerns a Monsieur Parenteau, who saw two slugs on a bean-pod that somebody had dropped in the middle of a dusty road. Two yards

THE SNAIL'S WAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

farther on he saw another pod, with a slug hurrying towards it. And, incidentally, the use of the word "hurry" is by no means misplaced in describing a slug or a snail when making for strong-smelling food, or when homing. At all events, he picked up the pod

he picked it up and put it some distance away and in such a position that the slugs could not possibly see it. Both of them reared up, searching for the apple with their tentacles, and then made straight for it. Thereupon Tandon took the apple and suspended it in the air a few inches above their heads. They, too, reared up, waved the tentacles in the direction of the apple and appeared to be searching for some solid support to climb up in order to reach it.

It is not only the keenness of the sense of smell which is remarkable, but also the ability, in so lowly an animal, to find a way to the source of the smell. There are several accounts similar to the one in which the experimenter found a snail on a pot containing a plant and located on a balcony. He took the snail and threw it to the ground, a distance of 20 ft. or more. The snail returned and was found the next day on the same pot. Each time it was thrown down it made the journey back, climbing a staircase to do so. Even more remarkable was the performance of the slug seeking out the flowers of a precious plant in a greenhouse. To protect them, the pot had been wrapped in cotton-wool, over which a slug could not travel, and the whole was standing in water. The slug ascended the wall, traversed the roof of the greenhouse, and let itself down by a thread of slime on to the precious blooms.

It would be mere child's play after this for snails to find their way to a clump of lupins in a North London garden.

The sense of smell is located in the tentacles. This assertion is based on anatomical evidence, for olfactory cells, connected by nerves to the brain, can be found in the tentacles. In addition, there is the obvious searching movement with the tentacles. On the other hand, snails or slugs with the tentacles amputated do not always show themselves entirely without an ability to locate strongly smelling substances, although they frequently do, or else show a markedly reduced ability to do so. The evidence is not fully convincing or consistent. Rather it seems that the main centres of smell-perception are located in the tentacles, but that the whole surface of the body has at least power to appreciate an odour, more marked in some places than others, possibly, and more limited than in the tentacles themselves. For example, a snail, completely withdrawn into the shell, and with the tentacles completely retracted, will show signs of emerging soon after a strongly smelling fruit, or other favourite food, has been placed near the mouth of the shell. It may be that there is a general

sense-perception, with the special olfactory organs in the tentacles acting more especially as direction-finders.

Smell, by all counts, plays a very large part in the lives of these mollusca, but snails also have well-developed eyes, carried on the hind pair of tentacles. Hearing, too, is not a negligible sense with them, if we may credit the account given in the American "Naturalist" for 1881. This was of a young girl who succeeded in training a snail to come to her call. Moreover, once persuaded out of hiding it would shrink into its shell at the sound of a strange voice, but would come out again on hearing hers.



SHOWING THE FORWARD PAIR OF TENTACLES WHICH CARRY RECEPTORS FOR SMELL, OR A COMBINED SMELL-TASTE, AND THE LONGER TENTACLES BEHIND WHICH CARRY THE EYES AS WELL AS DEFINITIVE ORGANS OF SMELL: A GARDEN SNAIL WHICH USES SMELL, OR A COMBINED SENSE OF SMELL AND TASTE (OR "TOUCH AT A DISTANCE"), AS ITS CHIEF GUIDE IN FINDING ITS WAY IN SEARCHING FOR FOOD.



A GARDEN SNAIL, PLACED ON GLASS, WANDERING AIMLESSLY ABOUT, SAMPLING ITS NEW WORLD WITH THE TENTACLES—PROMINENT THOUGH ITS EYES ARE, IT IS DOUBTFUL IF A SNAIL CAN DO MORE THAN APPRECIATE LIGHT FROM DARKNESS, OR VARYING INTENSITIES OF LIGHT.

Such wanderings as that depicted here are not purposive and, as a dog when resting may keep one eye open on watch when nothing particular is happening, so the snail has turned a tentacle outside-in, withdrawing one eye.

Photographs by Neave Parker

and put it in his pocket. The slug stopped, raised its head, turning it in every direction, and at the same time waving its tentacles in a searching movement. That it was aware of the location of the pod is shown by the fact that it remained stationary while making this upward searching movement. Then M. Parenteau took the pod to the side of the road and put it in a hole behind a stone. The slug, after a moment's hesitation, made a bee-line for it.

Another Frenchman, Moquin Tandon, records some tests carried out with a rotten apple. He found two slugs making for the apple lying on the ground, so

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE:
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE ARCHDUKE ROBERT OF AUSTRIA AND PRINCESS MARGHERITA OF AOSTA, HIS FIANCÉE.

The engagement of Archduke Robert of Austria, second son of Charles, last Emperor of Austria, and of the ex-Empress Zita, to Princess Margherita of Aosta, elder daughter of the late Duke of Aosta, is announced; and the marriage is expected to take place in the winter.



SIR BANISTER FLETCHER.

Died on August 17, aged eighty-seven. Sir Banister Fletcher, past President of the R.I.B.A., designed houses, flats, banks, warehouses, war memorials and factories; and was a noted lecturer. But he will always be remembered as the author of the celebrated "History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," which has been translated into many languages.



AFTER TAKING OVER HIS COMMAND ON AUGUST 19: MARSHAL JUIN, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, CENTRAL EUROPE.

Marshal Juin on August 19 took up his duties as C.-in-C. Central Europe. In a brief ceremony at his H.Q., in Fontainebleau, he formally briefed his subordinate commanders, General Carpentier; Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry; and Vice-Admiral R. Jaujard.



STARTING ON THIS YEAR'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA BY AIR: GENERAL NEGUIB.

General Neguib, the President of Egypt, left for this year's pilgrimage to Mecca on August 18. He is shown entering the aircraft in which he flew to Jeddah. He was accompanied by Major Salah Salem, Minister of National Guidance, and other members of the Council of the Revolution.



THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO FREEDOM: MR. SANDERS, WITH MRS. SANDERS (RIGHT) AND THEIR DAUGHTERS BARBARA, YVONNE AND DENISE, BESIDE THEIR AIRCRAFT AT FRANKFURT.

Mr. Edgar Sanders, the British business man sentenced by a Hungarian People's Court to thirteen years' imprisonment for alleged spying, and released on August 17, arrived in England by air on August 20 with his wife and daughters, who had flown out to meet him. He was greeted by his sister and Mr. Davies, Socialist M.P. for East Enfield, who had raised the question of his release several times.



ADMIRAL CARNEY.

On August 17 Admiral Carney was sworn in as Chief of Naval Operations in succession to Admiral Fechteler. He enters the new command with a background of Army and Air Force experience sufficient to make him thoroughly familiar with the problems of both ground forces and of the air. This completes the changes in U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff.



THE ENGLAND TEAM WHICH WON THE FIFTH AND LAST TEST MATCH OF 1953 AND THUS REGAINED THE ASHES, AND (RIGHT) THE ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIAN CAPTAINS, LEN HUTTON AND LINDSAY HASSETT (ON THE RIGHT).

Our group shows the England team which on August 19 won the fifth and last Test Match of 1953 at the Oval by 8 wickets, and thus regained the Ashes. They are (l. to r., back row) T. Bailey, P. May, T. Graveney, J. Laker, G. A. R. Lock, J. Wardle and F. Trueman; and (in front) W. Edrich, A. Bedser, L. Hutton (captain), D. Compton and T. G. Evans. After the match both Len Hutton and Lindsay Hassett spoke on a microphone in the Pavilion, and both teams stayed on for an informal reception, at which a handsome iced cake was cut.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

STAKING A CLAIM.

By J. C. TREWIN

"DISGUISE, I see, thou art a wickedness," murmurs Viola in "Twelfth Night." But not in a dramatist's eye. For him it is a useful trick to have A masquerading as B, either with the real B likely to turn up at any moment, or with C and D ready to swear that A is not the man he says he is. There can be, of course, all manner of variations. One of them is the claimant-play in which A comes forward (as the mid-Victorian Tichborne Claimant did) to demand possession of a title—or, maybe (flying higher), of a throne.

The main difficulty with a historical play of this kind is that we know before we start where we must finish. Thus, Christopher Hassall, though he worked so excitingly on the Perkin Warbeck story, could not show us at the last a Perkin triumphant. Dramatists are luckier when they can shuffle their characters as they please, and keep us guessing about their claimant and his possibilities until the end. When I came to the theatre first, I remember seeing a piece called "The Claimant" (all the title that was necessary), with a theatrically sound first act, by a dramatist then untried, who never did anything else. This, I believe, had a disguised Tichborne case as its background; it is one of the plays now whelmed in oblivion.

A claimant-drama in London at the moment is much more complicated. What are we to think if A, who is trained by a trinity of racketeers to masquerade as B, is really B all the time, learning to impersonate herself? It sounds as tangled as it is, and it is all the more difficult when the dramatist, with a chuckle, keeps us flitting between one supposition and another. This is a natural theme for Pirandello (whose "Henry the Fourth" is cropping up yet again in London), but I think irresistibly of Lady Blanche in "Princess Ida":

I bide my time.

I once was Some One—and the Was Will Be.

(Here I cannot help hoping, inconsequently, that

The day of tragedy for Imperial Russia was July 17, 1918, when the Tsar, his Empress, their four daughters and their son Alexis were shot in a cellar at Ekaterinburg, in Siberia. I say "four daughters"; but here we reach the germ of the St. James's play. Rumour said that the youngest daughter, the Grand Duchess

The exposition could hardly be managed better. In the Second Act we have, firstly, the picture of the pseudo-Anastasia, her brief training over, ready to meet the Empress; and then the shrewdly-judged scene of the meeting, the Empress's swaying between incredulity and half-belief. This is urgently dramatic, and it is acted with the right attack by Mary Kerridge (Anastasia), that magnificent veteran Helen Haye (the Empress), and Anthony Ireland (chief architect of the plot, the slippery Bounine). It is the Third act that, after a steady opening, begins to wobble. The dramatist is happy while she is building up and mystifying, surprising us with this and that hint at the woman's authenticity. But the play is less happy when it must "grow to a point" and tell us what befell the claimant and her strange entourage. I will not say more about that here, and I do not think that we should be ungrateful to a play that can catch the listener at once and keep him held, theatrically, for most of the night. Who is Anastasia? Half of the answer is: "She once was Some One." The rest, I think, must be learned in the theatre. Among some excellent secondary performances in John Counsell's production, I noticed one by Laurence Payne as the artist-member of the conspiracy. He is an actor of real passion, an actor whose talents are needed upon a Central London stage.

I am not persuaded that the most recent play at the Arts, "Dust Under Our Feet," was needed in Central London. Surely it cannot uphold any claim to the throne of Ulster drama. Granted, it was a pleasure to see the members of the Ulster Group Theatre. One or two of the cast had appeared during 1951 in the Northern Ireland Festival Company at the Lyric, Hammersmith; and we knew their quality as character-men. The play itself stays perplexing. No doubt, as the programme says, the author, Michael

J. Murphy, "has spent most of his life among country people, and his work as a folklore collector has given him scope to study their beliefs and outlook to an extent afforded to comparatively few authors." The disconcerting thing is that the result of this study is a free-for-all melodrama in the old manner. Somebody, at the end, has to perish in the bog, and (for us) anybody will do. The lumpish piece reminded me at one moment of the work of another Ulster writer and of the phrase in "Delina Delaney" (though that does go away to Eire and Connemara): "Listen to the words of a daughter of affliction, and chase,

I pray Thee, instantly, the dismal perplexities that presently clog the filmy pores of her weary brain into the stream of trickling nothingness."

However disappointed we were in the piece, the acting atoned. James Mageean put a mouth-twitching, shambling "waif" upon the stage without the slightest exaggeration; and James G. Devlin, scuffling about the cottage as an old grandfather, and Patrick McAlinney in the alcoholic tirades of someone called Slab Falloon, turned theatre to life. Something should be said, too, for Margaret D'Arcy; for one moment at the end of the play we feared she might go madder than Ophelia. And, in the circumstances, who would have blamed her?



A SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "ANASTASIA": A FORMER SLEIGH-DRIVER TO THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, NOW BLIND, IS CONVINCED THAT ANNA BROUN IS THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA; SHOWING (L. TO R.) PIOTR PETROVSKY (LAURENCE PAYNE), PRINCE BOUNINE (ANTHONY IRELAND), ANNA BROUN (MARY KERRIDGE), THE SLEIGH-DRIVER (GEOFFREY TYRRELL), ANTONIA (VERENA KIMMINS) AND SERGEI (MICHAEL MALNICK).

Anastasia, had got clear and escaped into the Balkans. There have been many of these fanciful legends of escape. (Not long ago a French researcher was asking for possible confirmation of his belief that Joan of Arc had fled to England.) The Anastasia legend seems to be as tenuous as the others, though it had some American support during the 1930s.

Marcelle Maurette's Anastasia story is her own.

For theatrical purposes she assumes that three Russian conspirators in Berlin, their minds on the last fragment of the Tsar's fortune, seek a "pretender." Just when they are desperate, the woman "Anna Broun" appears. She is dazed and ill. Prince Bounine, Chief Conspirator, had saved her from jumping into a canal. The poor wandering one may not be recognisable at first as the pink-cheeked girl who danced at the last Imperial ball in the Hall of Columns. But there are certain remarkable physical resemblances. The woman can be coached to play her part. She must be no longer Anna Broun, but Anastasia—the Grand Duchess returned from the dead. She must be persuasive enough to pass the scrutiny of Prince Paul, who is Anastasia's cousin, and—far more difficult—of the Dowager Empress of Russia, Anastasia's grandmother.



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "ANASTASIA": ANNA BROUN (MARY KERRIDGE), WHO HAS BEEN SELECTED TO IMPERSONATE THE GRAND DUCHESS, IS PLACED AGAINST AN OUTLINE FIGURE OF ANASTASIA WITH WHICH HER FIGURE CORRESPONDS.



A SCENE FROM "ANASTASIA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: THE THREE WHITE RUSSIAN CONSPIRATORS DISCUSS THE GIRL THEY HAVE FOUND TO IMPERSONATE THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA—CHERNOV (PETER ILLING), PRINCE BOUNINE (ANTHONY IRELAND) AND PETROVSKY (LAURENCE PAYNE).

Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte may let us have one day a revival of "Princess Ida"; it has some of Gilbert's sharpest lyrics.)

There is nothing specifically Gilbertian about the claimant-play of "Anastasia" (St. James's); and certainly it is not treated in the Pirandello manner. Its French author, Marcelle Maurette, has written it, undismayed, for the theatre theatrical; and Guy Bolton, maker of the English version, has not watered the drama down. The scene is Berlin between the wars: a Berlin with a colony of Tsarist Russian exiles, needy and powerless, but still remembering vanished poms, loyal to the lost Russia even though a *papier-mâché* throne, borrowed from a film studio, is a sad symbol of their futility.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

ROYAL DANISH BALLET (Covent Garden).—A short season by a company of uncommon style and grace. (August 11-22.)

"DUST UNDER OUR FEET" (Arts).—One finds it hard to credit that there are no better new plays from Ulster than this Cold Comfort anecdote from South Armagh. The Ulster Group Theatre acted it finely, and in this there was consolation. (August 11-23.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—Take your choice: the singer, Kay Starr; Bernard Miles (and wheel) from the Chilterns; much else: a true variety programme. (August 17.)

"THE OLD LADIES" (Embassy).—A serviceable revival of the chilling Walpole-Ackland drama for three rooms and three people. (August 18.)

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL OF 1953: MILITARY SPECTACLE AND OPERA.



MILITARY SPECTACLE AND OPERA AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: (TOP.) THE FINALE OF THE EDINBURGH TATTOO, WITH THE FLOODLIT CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND; AND (BELOW) A SCENE FROM "THE RAKE'S PROGRESS," SHOWING TOM RAKEWELL (RICHARD LEWIS) IN BEDLAM.

The seventh Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama opened on August 23 and will continue until September 12. As in previous years, the Edinburgh Tattoo has been drawing large crowds, presenting as it does a colourful military spectacle against a background of grey battlements whose grimness is softened to fairy-tale splendour in the floodlights. On August 25 it was arranged that the Glyndebourne Opera should give the first stage performance

in Great Britain of Stravinsky's opera "The Rake's Progress," with a libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Callmann, at the King's Theatre. The part of Tom Rakewell is sung by Mr. Richard Lewis and the stage sets have been designed by Mr. Osbert Lancaster. Subsequent performances were arranged for August 27 and 29 and September 2 and 4. Our photograph shows the scene in Bedlam when Tom Rakewell imagines that he is Adonis.

HISTORIC ENGLAND: A CATHEDRAL ORGAN REBUILT, AND FAMOUS MANSIONS.



(ABOVE.) ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST WITH FUNDS MADE AVAILABLE FROM THE WOODWARD BEQUEST: TRERICE, ST. NEWLYN EAST, A FINE MANOR HOUSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Trerice, St. Newlyn East, near Newquay, Cornwall, has been acquired by the National Trust from Mr. Somerset de Chair, with funds made available from the Woodward Bequest. Though dating partly from the fourteenth century, Trerice is essentially in its present form a fine manor of the sixteenth century. The plaster ceilings in the hall and drawing-room are splendid examples of their period—1572, and were carried out for Sir John Arundel, Admiral of the Western Approaches to Queen Elizabeth I.



SHOWING THE TABLE, MADE IN THE HOUSE AND TOO LARGE TO BE REMOVED: A VIEW OF THE GREAT HALL AT TRERICE, ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST.

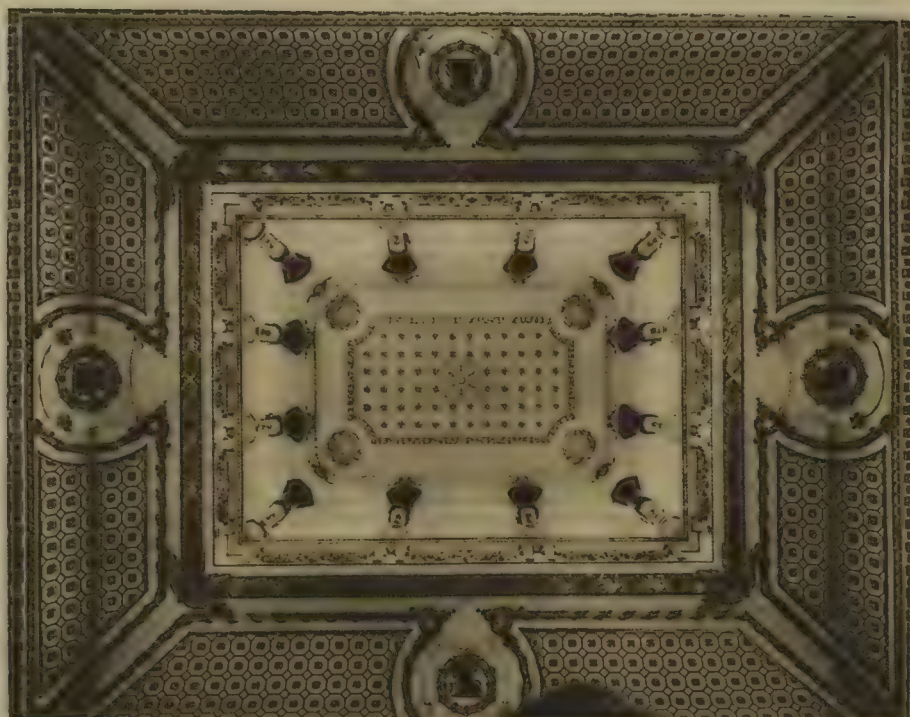


(RIGHT.) SHOWING THE ORGAN, REBUILT AND RECONSTRUCTED, WHICH WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED ON AUGUST 18: THE INTERIOR OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, PEMBROKESHIRE.

The Willis organ supplied to St. David's Cathedral, Pembrokeshire, in 1883 has been rebuilt and modernised. The work, carried out by W. Hill, and Norman and Beard, was supervised by Mr. Alban Caroe, architect to the Dean and Chapter, who designed the new casework, which was necessary owing to the old cases having been affected by death-watch beetle. The organ was officially opened on August 18 by a recital given by Dr. W. H. Harris, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The rebuilding of the organ has also improved the interior views of the cathedral.



A FAMOUS LONDON MANSION NOW REPAIRED AND REDECORATED: LANCASTER HOUSE, TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS FROM AUGUST 29. Lancaster House, held in lease from the Commissioners of Crown Lands by the Ministry of Works, is much in use for conferences. It was damaged by enemy attack during the war. Repairs are now complete, and from August 29 (to-day) till the end of September the public may visit it from 2 to 6 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays. Lancaster House was built in 1825 by Wyatt for the Duke of York, who never occupied it. In 1841 it was bought by the Duke of Sutherland, and for years was the scene of splendid entertainments. In 1913 it was bought and presented to the nation by Sir William Lever (Lord Leverhulme) and called Lancaster House. It then for a while became the London Museum.



LOOKING UPWARDS AT THE CEILING OF THE ENTRANCE HALL: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH INDICATES THE SPLENDOR OF LANCASTER HOUSE, FORMERLY STAFFORD HOUSE. THE GRAND STAIRCASE IS THE WORK OF SIR CHARLES BARRY.

A ROYAL OCCASION, THE ABBEY APPEAL, AND AN UNUSUAL AUCTION.



A FAMOUS STRETCH OF DEVON SAND, A HOLIDAY PLAYGROUND, TO BE AUCTIONED ON SEPTEMBER 29: SIDMOUTH FORESHORE, PART OF THE SIDMOUTH MANOR ESTATE. The foreshore at Sidmouth, a famous stretch of sand, one of the most popular British holiday playgrounds, will be sold by auction on September 29 as part of the 1169-acre Sidmouth Manor Estate, which has come into the market following the death last October of Colonel J. E. H. Balfour.



AN UNUSUAL GIFT FOR THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY APPEAL FUND: A WELL-DRESSING PRESENTED BY THE VILLAGE OF TIDESWELL, IN THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, SET UP IN DEAN'S YARD. Tideswell, a village in the Peak District, Derbyshire, has sent a well-dressing, that is, a picture composed with flowers and other vegetation set in clay, as a gift to the Westminster Abbey Appeal Fund; and it was set up in Dean's Yard on August 24. Well-dressings are made according to ancient religious custom to give thanks for the gift of water. That in Dean's Yard, where there was once a well, is a representation of the Abbey. A service was held on its arrival and it was to remain on view throughout the week.



LEAVING THE ROBIN CHAPEL OF THE THISTLE FOUNDATION SETTLEMENT FOR DISABLED EX-SERVICEMEN, CRAIGMILLAR, EDINBURGH, AFTER THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on August 20 attended the dedication of the Robin Chapel of the Thistle Foundation Settlement, Craigmillar, which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tudsbery in memory of their only son, Robin Tudsbery, Royal Horse Guards, killed in action



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ON ARRIVAL AT THE ROBIN CHAPEL OF THE THISTLE FOUNDATION SETTLEMENT ON AUGUST 20: THEY ARE SEEN BEING RECEIVED BY THE LORD PROVOST, SIR JAMES MILLER.

four days before the end of World War II. The Royal ladies were received outside the chapel by the Lord Provost and Lady Miller, and the Queen Mother was conducted to her place in the chapel, the President's stall, by the Dean of the Thistle, while Princess Margaret was escorted by Mr. Francis Tudsbery.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a "new" novel turns out to have appeared in 1880, it should, of course, be read; after that gap of time, its mere persistence is a guarantee. But though, of course, it should be read, one can't count on its being enjoyable; value and charm—except to puritans of letters—are two different things. And so the point to stress in "Epitaph of a Small Winner," by Machado de Assis (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), is not its merit, which could be assumed, but its technique and startling enjoyability.

Machado (as we learn from the translator's foreword) was a Brazilian of mixed blood and of the humblest class, myopic, rickety and epileptic. Also, according to the foreword, he is "perhaps the most disenchanted writer in occidental literature," hurling a challenge of "vast iconoclasm," of "abject and ironic pessimism," which "leaves the reader only two alternatives: to reject Machado or, with Machado, to reject the world." This summing-up seems to accord with his biography; but where (you may well ask) does the delight come in? Well, to be frank—though I was struck with Mr. Grossman's quality as a translator, I should describe his last remark as nonsense. We have no call to reject anything; a work of art is not a final statement of reality. Nor does a disenchanted view of life mean a depressing book. Far from it; no one can outdo Schopenhauer in gloom, yet no philosopher is so amusing. And there are other instances—look at *Candide*. We learn besides, that for Machado this new novel was a turning-point; here, suddenly, he broke out of convention into his own skin. So there is double cause for the effect of nimbleness and liberation.

The theme, however, is just what Mr. Grossman has defined: the cruel, ironic vanity of life, "nature's indifference and man's egoism." Braz Cubas, the deceased narrator, has been *l'homme moyen sensuel*; he died a bachelor at sixty-four, and now reviews his progress from the other side. There were no special handicaps; he was rich, healthy and good-looking, sometimes aspired to fame, ran through a number of amours and one great love, dabbled in politics and in philanthropy, and then expired at ease, having achieved no goal and suffered nothing in particular. An average life; but he came out of it with a small surplus. For he has left no child as a successor to our misery.

Of course, the doctrine is not new. The hero's death-bed vision of the human race might be pure Schopenhauer. The detail reveals nothing fresh: only that men are weak, inconsequent and self-regarding, which we knew before. It is the method that delights: the Sterne-like, intermittent narrative, the flow of illustrations and asides, and the great personal appeal. Machado's wit has no hard edge; his desolation is a fiery gloom, brilliant with fantasy and heart.

OTHER FICTION.

In "The Lotus and the Wind," by John Masters (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), we have another of the author's composites: a blend of Indian history, adventure and a subtler X. This time the year is 1879, and the third factor the predicament of Robin Savage—at once a youthful officer of Gurkhas and a sage mis-cast. With one part of his being, he wants love, friendship, Anne; but something in him, perhaps deeper, has rejected life, and yearns after "the loneliness of God." Though this recoil from fellowship has a neurotic source—it sprang out of the horrors of the Mutiny, when he was three years old—yet it is also his true bent. So on the Afghan frontier he is all astray. He loves the endless view, the "everlasting universe of Things," but he can take no interest in the fighting. As a result, he is sent back for cowardice. Anne, therefore, forces him to marry her; and Major Hayling of Intelligence finds him a job. Which, of three routes by which the Russians could enter India, is the designed invasion-route? Robin has an "affinity for emptiness"; if, in those emptiest of lands, there should be something wrong, some faint intrusion of the world, he ought to feel it in his bones.

So off he starts, on what is both a mission and a pilgrimage: through Balkh and Samarkand, Bukhara and the Hungry Steppe and the high solitude of the Pamirs, chasing and chased by his romantic foes—Lena, the Russian agent, who is a cruder Anne, and Muralev, a fellow-Seeker. As a reconnaissance it is too subtle to be true, almost too subtle to keep up with. As an adventure it is full of fire, and, of course, local colour, and is rewarded with a D.S.O. But as for Robin and his quest—what can one think of a young Galahad who makes the Grail a part-time job, sandwiched with intervals of domesticity?

"The Last Shore," by George Baker (James Barrie; 12s. 6d.), retells the most exploited story in the world—and that from first to last, so that the siege of Troy becomes an episode. On its first page Helen is still a blameless wife; and at the end Orestes has returned from Taurica with his lost sister. The Trojan War, however, occupies two years and not ten, which is no doubt a lawful variant. The hero Dictys, son of the King of Taurica, I had not met before; he loves Iphigenia, contrives her wholly natural escape, and may, for all I know, be an invention. If so, he is most happily conceived. I was against this book to start with; later, I couldn't think how its nice people were to perform the bloody deeds in store. But somehow it is all worked out—and turns into a charmingly romantic novel, with just the right grain of distinction.

"After the Funeral," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 10s. 6d.), starts with the sudden death of Richard Abernethie, a very wealthy man, childless but with a gaggle of relations. He has bequeathed fair shares to all—and each, for a variety of reasons, has been much in need. Now they could happily disperse, but for the youngest sister Cora and her naïve assumption of foul play. ("But he was murdered, wasn't he?") When challenged she hastily retreats; but Mr. Entwistle, the old family lawyer, has a nagging doubt. . . . Then someone slays her with a hatchet in her country cottage, and he tells Poirot the whole story. And so the hunt is up. There is a large domestic field (none of the flock have alibis), handled with all the virtuosity we are accustomed to, and that unrivalled knack of misdirection in plain daylight.

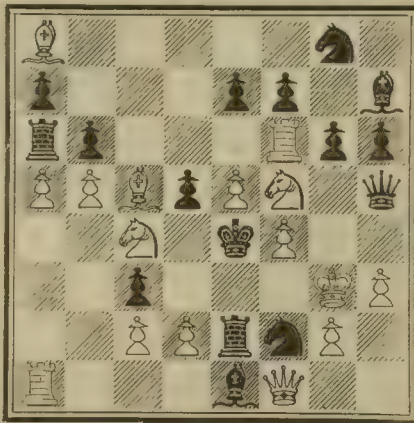
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE spate of correspondence about my Blackmar Gambit articles has been surpassed only by that about our "Mate in one move" problems. Month after month, from all five continents, it continues . . .

I wish I had space for all the compositions submitted. Of three which reached me within a few days, from Germany, New Caledonia and South Africa respectively, the last, by Mr. C. C. Wiles, of Grahamstown, is outstandingly original:

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in one move.

A good player might try to solve this for some considerable time without noticing the "catch." I infuriated one friend with it. Followers of these Notes will give a reminiscent smile. Of course the key-move is pawn takes pawn (the queen's pawn) *en passant*, and, of course, all the composer's ingenuity has been devoted to establishing that Black's last move must have been a double jump to Q4.

Every problem I have hitherto seen on these lines, however, has relied for proof that the pawn could not have come just one square (e.g., here, from Q3) on the positioning of the white king, so that the pawn would then have been delivering an illegal check. The White king's positioning on the fifth rank has become rather monotonous.

"Could any alternative mechanism be employed?" Mr. Wiles asked himself. He has shown that it can. Here, the pawn could not have been on Q3 because there is no square from which the white bishop in the corner could have moved before that. The last two moves made to produce the diagrammed position must have been R(QB6)-KB6 by White, discovering check, and then . . . P(Q2)-Q4 by Black covering up. Each possible alternative last move by Black has been methodically ruled out (e.g., if it was . . . P-QKt3, how did that bishop ever get into the corner at all? Or, if it was . . . K(Q5) to K5, how did White ever deliver that queer double check with Kt and B? And so on.) Consequently, White can now play P×P *e.p.* discovering check again, and it's mate! Very nice indeed.

to read from this first-hand account.

"The world is divided," writes Mr. Philip Wills, "broadly speaking, into two types of minds; those which wonder why the bath-water always spins out of the plug the same way round and those which don't. At school they were called respectively Moderns and Classics." The only preoccupation which my bath-water causes me is solicitude concerning its temperature, but I am not, for that reason, a Classic. This and other generalisations in Mr. Wills' book on gliding, entitled "On Being a Bird" (Parrish; 15s. 6d.), faintly exasperates me, but the air-minded will enjoy it greatly, for it is lucid, informative and vibrant with enthusiasm.

I admire the work of Mr. Anthony Armstrong, who is one of our better writers, and I wish, therefore, that I could find something happier to say about his quiet Georgic, "The Year at Margaret's" (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). It is not at all easy to take the reader into your garden and potter around with him through even so few as 176 pages, without making him furtively look at his wrist-watch. I found myself looking quite openly at mine.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DEEPEST JUNGLE TO DARKEST GARDEN.

A FRENCH boy of twenty-two decides to undertake what the most romantic would call a foolhardy adventure of exploration. He sets off, with the minimum of experience, equipment and backing—and disappears. There does not seem to be much material here for a document which is among the most moving that I have ever read. "Journey Without End" (William Kimber; 15s.) is Raymond Maufrais' own diary, kept up to the point when he abandoned his final camp in the southern regions of French Guiana and set off to swim—it was his last hope of reaching the next stage alive—down the Ouakou River. He was never seen again, but his diary was found by an Indian in the early months of 1950, shortly after his disappearance, and his parents equipped an expedition to find him. They did not succeed, and the publishers, who have now given us the diary exactly

as it was found, are devoting all royalties to help to defray the expenses incurred by that pathetic failure. That both expeditions were doomed to be failures; that Raymond is dead and will never be found, and that his parents never had a chance of discovering him—so much is clear, with the clarity of a great tragedy, almost from the beginning of this extraordinary narrative. Raymond was an unusual boy, but not as unusual as all that. In 1941, during the occupation of France, he tried to slip over to England at the age of fifteen; two years later he was awarded the Croix de Guerre for his work in the Maquis. Later he became a journalist, and took part in a Brazilian expedition. All this is not singular, nor is his story of the incredible hardships he had to endure when he was finally launched on his attempt to penetrate into the Tumuc-Humac mountains, the traditional land of Eldorado. Pain, hunger and disease were his constant companions; he had to eat tortoises, monkeys and snakes, and finally kill his dog for food—disagreeable, no doubt, to the comfortable, blunted appetite of the fireside reader, but one may reflect that other explorers have done as much. No, the poignancy of this book lies in the fact that the author has not stopped to analyse or edit any of his feelings; he has recorded them all with utter simplicity, without either heroics or evasion. And this makes the book, at times, almost unbearable. Much of the time he feels moral fear. "I used to think it would be exhausting, physically, this journey; but it's morally that I feel the strain. I thought I could hold out without weakening, and I thought I'd reviewed every possible disaster; but it never entered my head that I could suffer in this particular way. . . . And yet, beneath all this gloom, I can glimpse the will to complete this expedition—the forward-moving strength that allows me to dominate my fears. For I shall complete the expedition as I originally conceived it. Not for anything in the world would I give up." And again: "I'm rather ashamed of my weakness. I feel that I'm behaving like a washed-out, fretful creature. But I'm a man, after all, and I've a loving heart inside me. I'm not an animal that thinks only of getting something to eat in the fields. And I've nothing to love in this forest." I find that quotations do not help me to show this book's true quality. It is not, of course, in the ordinary sense, a "book" at all; it is, translated into words, a man's capacity to see straight through himself and out the other side. A rare, beautiful, uplifting and somewhat unnerving experience for the reader.

It would be unfair to Mr. Cecil Webb, author of "A Wanderer in the Wind" (Hutchinson; 21s.), to institute any comparisons between his book and that of M. Maufrais. Animals play a leading part in both, but Mr. Webb is rarely constrained to turn them into unpleasant *petits plats*; he packs them into serviceable crates and brings them home. That, again, is to give a very meagre impression of the skill and courage which Mr. Webb has shown in becoming one of the leading animal collectors in the world. His descriptions are thoroughly and typically English, in their humour and their unruffled search for understatement. Here he is diving into a river and finding a crocodile: "On rising I looked around and to my horror saw the eyes of one on the same level as my own and less than 20 yards away, and the brute was moving rapidly towards me. I shot out of the water like a leaping tarpon. . . . Snatching my clothes I retired to a safe distance, resolved never to go bathing again in the River Pru." There is plenty of very good stuff here, and many excellent photographs.

We have not yet done with animals. Mr. P. Fitzgerald O'Connor is one of those people who cannot resist hunting for very large sharks in very small boats. The very pictures in "Shark-O!" (Secker and Warburg; 15s.) turn me cold with horror, and I am not encouraged to find that once you have killed your basking-shark, you have to set about performing some quite nauseating operations on his liver—I suppose on the principle enunciated by the late Mr. Belloc: "But you may cut his blubber up and melt it down for oil, and thus replace the colza bean, A product of the soil." The result, however, is a first-class, exciting record of a cruise which the author himself must thoroughly have enjoyed. His encounter with the poaching Norwegian Fleet is recent history, and no less interesting

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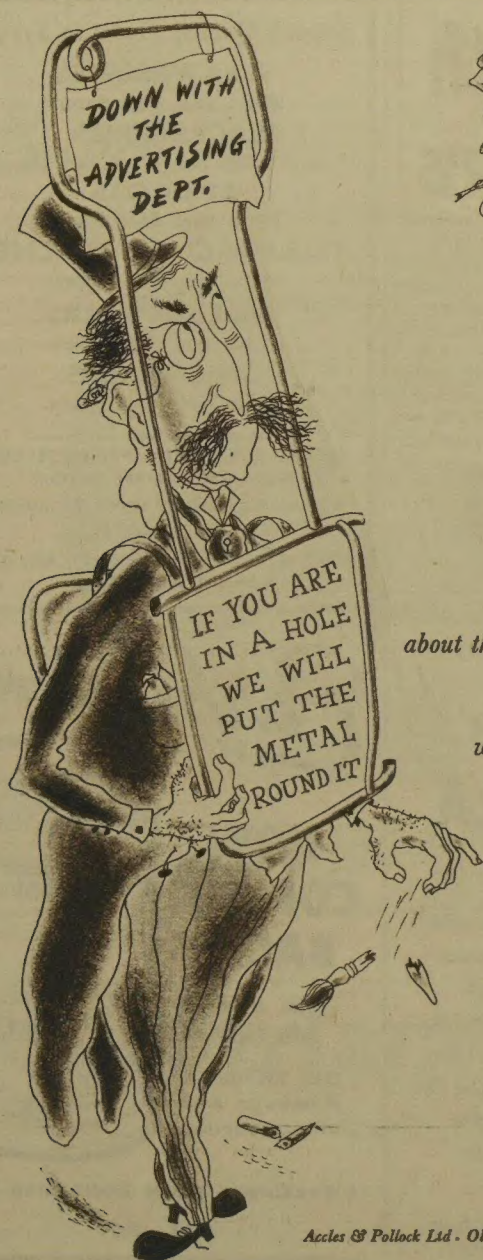
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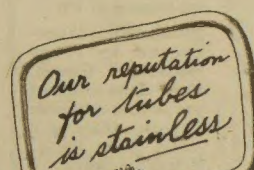
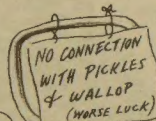
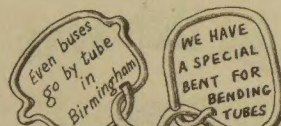
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WHEELS ...
SAID THE HOST

...IMPLEMENTS
SAID THE BARMAID

CHASSIS FRAMES
SAID THE CUSTOMER

...TRAILERS
SAID THE DOG

AND THE CALL WAS FOR
Sankey OF WELLINGTON

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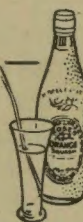
Better still, let us gather us Rose's—jugs of It—to refresh us before we explore the hinterland beyond the hollyhocks!"



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FARMERS

NEED

MORE AID,

MR. BUTLER!



The farmers will undoubtedly do their best to respond to the Chancellor's "Incentive Budget" and to answer the nation's cry for more food. Yet they still labour under heavy burdens. They are still crippled by taxation in spite of the Budget concessions, and are bowed down by unnecessarily high interest on loans at 5½%.

If we are serious about the extra food we urgently need, immediate steps must be taken to relieve our farmers of these burdens. Some form of taxation relief equivalent to the removal of the Excess Profits Levy from industry must be given. How is a farmer farming good land, yet suffering from the full rate of super-tax, to contribute his share to progress? How is the small farmer on difficult land, who does not make enough even to benefit from the income-tax cut, to pull his weight? Long-term loans at low interest must be made available to all. When

primary food production is so important, how can we explain away the fact that loans to agriculture have actually fallen, while advances to engineering, for example, have risen by about 20%? Yet all other industries are indirectly dependent on agriculture!

To establish a sound economy, to wring from our land the extra food we need now, these things must be done — for all our sakes.

GROW MORE FOOD IN BRITAIN

This announcement is issued in the interests of British agriculture by Harry Ferguson Ltd.

Ferguson tractors are manufactured for Harry Ferguson Ltd., Coventry, by The Standard Motor Company Ltd.

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